

A VISIT TO THE WEST AFRICA MISSION

by
The Rev. A.W. Halsey



Even in the Bwari village they listened eagerly
to the words of the preacher



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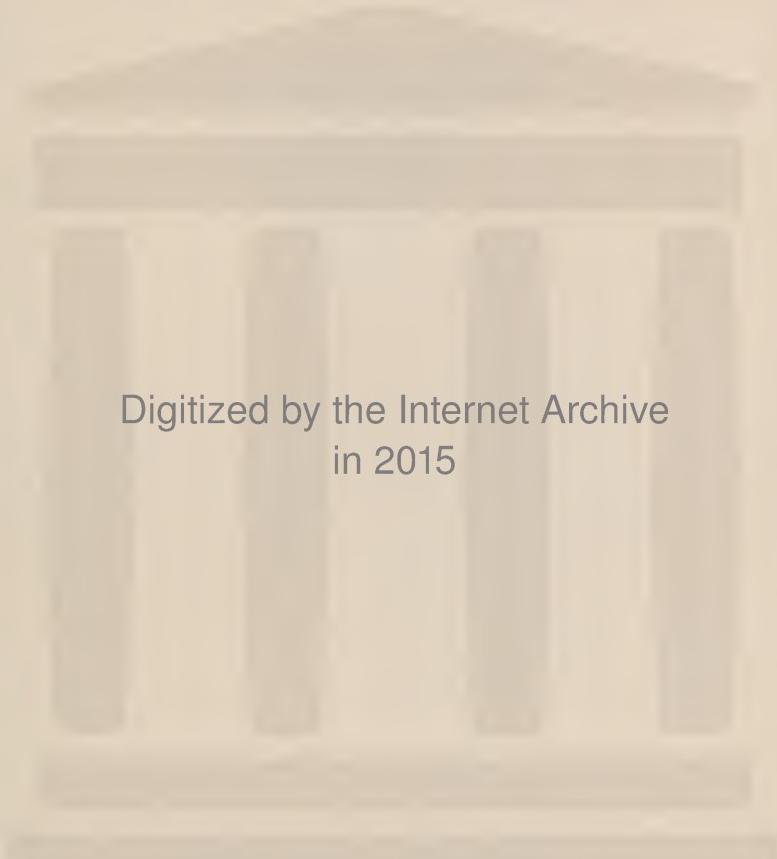
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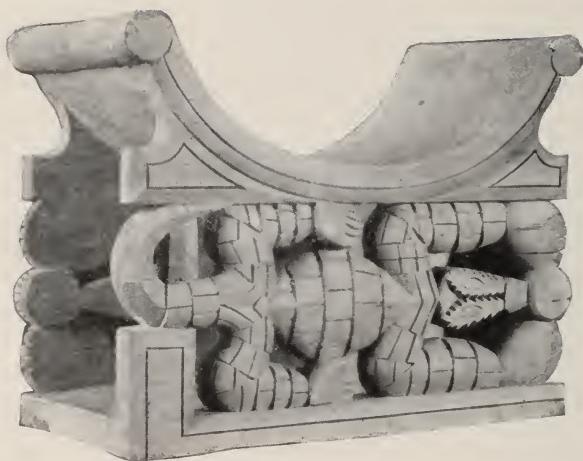
A Visit to the West Africa Mission of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.



"I speak of Africa and golden joys"

By ✓
The REV. A. W. HALSEY

Board of Foreign Missions of the
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Kamerun Stool Made from One Piece of Wood.

A Visit to the West Africa Mission of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

"*M'bolo*," "*M'Boulani*," were the words which greeted us as we stepped on the rude wooden pier at Libreville, in Congo Francais, the first of the stations of the West Africa Mission which it was our pleasure to visit. "*M'Bolo*" was the African welcome which rang out from the merry group of Mpongwe children who eagerly awaited our arrival. Many thousand times we heard these words in our African travels as we tarried in the busy town, or walked through the lonely forest, as we approached the great mission garden at Elat, where hundreds of school boys stopped their work and shouted out the now familiar word, or as we sat in the quiet of the mission house at Efulen when some native Christian who had journeyed from afar came to the door and in clear, melodious voice cried "*M'Bolo*." Whatever the root meaning of the word, to us it meant "Welcome to Africa, we are glad to see you. May you receive a blessing and give one beside."

Under the leadership of the Mpongwe school children we started for the mission house on the hill. We had gone but a few steps, when a group of godly women gave us a hearty African handshake. One of these good souls had been waiting many days to see us. The steamer was ten days late. Each day she would come to the mission house and ask, "Has Mr. Board come?" And now that "Mr. Board" was here, her joy knew no bounds. As we passed through the towns we were impressed with the goodly character of the houses. While small, they seemed well built, with substantial doors and windows, and shutters which could be closed at night. There was a general appearance of industry and thrift in most striking contrast to many of the houses we saw at Old Calabar, and at various other places along the coast.

BARAKA, as the Mission is called, probably because once here was an old slave market (Barracoon), is situated on the brow of a hill about one-quarter of a mile from the beach. A row of stately cocoanut palms wave you a true oriental welcome as you enter the gate and pass along the well kept path leading to the mission house.

This comfortable dwelling, which for more than a generation has sheltered the Gaboon missionaries, stands in the center of twenty-three acres of woodland, while in close proximity and easy of access are the school, the church and the dormitories for the school children.

The school is a necessary factor in all mission work and nowhere more so than in Africa. "No race of purely Negro blood but accepts and loses Christianity with great facility." If Christianity is to become



Mission Residence, Baraka

permanently rooted in a Negro race it is doubly necessary to begin with the child and to train up an intelligent native Christian church, to whom must eventually be entrusted the evangelization of the race.

The Fang school had closed before our arrival. In the Mpongwe school were boys and girls of all ages and sizes, from the little tots on the front row, who, candor compels me to state, were very restless and more eager to play than to study, to the men and women who were straining every nerve to master the multiplication table or to solve the intricacies of the French language. The Bible here, as elsewhere in the Mission, is the most important textbook in the school. It may be true in America that the average youth in school or college, though coming from a Christian home, is ignorant of the simple facts of Bible history and story, but it is not true in Africa. These Mpongwe boys and girls showed great familiarity with the leading facts and incidents in both the Old and the New Testaments. On Sunday at Sunday-school I heard teachers ask questions on the lesson which required an accurate knowledge of the Scriptures to answer, yet seemingly the answers came without the slightest hesitation.

At Benito I was given full permission by the superintendent of the Sunday-school to review the school on the lessons of the last quarter. The subject was Elijah. The school, which was in fact the church, answered quickly, intelligently, and, as far as I could judge, accurately, every question propounded.

At a meeting of the Presbytery, the examination of the candidates for the ministry was equally satisfactory. The extent and fullness of the knowledge of the Scriptures shown by these young men, who are soon to be the leaders of the Presbyterian Church in Africa, was as remarkable as it was gratifying.

The Mpongwe school, like all the schools in Africa, is not above the primary grade. The teaching force is small, and it is difficult to classify the pupils satisfactorily. I was greatly pleased, however, with the progress manifested by the scholars in the various branches taught. Most of the pupils live on the mission grounds in small houses dubbed dormitories in which are hard dirt floors and beds made of bamboo. Each pupil is required to work a certain number of hours a week and pay in addition a small sum for tuition. This is the custom in all the stations, and is a splendid training in self-reliance and independence, a most necessary part of the education of the African youth.

One of the grave difficulties connected with both school and church work at Baraka, and in fact all along the coast, is the large number of distinct tribes speaking different dialects. In addition to Mpongwe



Boys' Dormitories, Baraka.

and the Fang, there are among other dialects the Shekani, the Balungi, M'benga, Bakele, Aduma and Ajumba. The mission educator is also sorely tried by the lack of regularity in attendance and the early age at which most of the scholars leave the school. One of the Baraka boys not long since accepted a position in the government office at what was to him the princely salary of \$8.00 per month. His work was copying. He wrote a beautiful hand, but he was so inaccurate and careless that he was soon discharged. All the arguments of the teacher could not persuade the boy to remain at least two years more in the school before taking a position. His case is typical. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." To the African *very* dangerous, for he is satisfied with it. Neither the parent nor the scholar realize the necessity of any continued training. The race has had no experience nor discipline. Large results cannot be expected from any of the mission schools in Africa, either in candidates for the ministry or in leaders in great advance enterprises, until some means has been adopted whereby the scholar will be compelled to remain at school for a definite period. The Mission recognizes this, and at the mission meeting held at Batanga (February, 1905), action was taken looking to the establishment of an industrial school and a school for the training of Christian workers at Elat. To these schools scholars from all the stations will be admitted provided they show sufficient diligence in the primary school at their respective stations, and are willing to remain at the school for a definite period, to be determined upon by the missionary. It is hoped that the incentive thus offered will spur many a pupil on to desire the better thing, which can only be obtained by years of painstaking application.

The evangelistic value of school work is shown in the fact that nearly if not quite all the leading members of the Baraka Church to-day were at one time scholars of the Mpungwe school. The Fang school is also a great evangelistic agency. The scholars come from Fang towns distant thirty, forty, sixty and even eighty miles from Baraka. Five or six or seven months spent under the direct teaching and personal influence of the missionary leave an indelible impression on the mind and heart and life. The Fang boy when he first enters the school is a rough specimen of African humanity. A wonderful change takes place in a few months. It was not difficult for me to pick out, in the Fang towns we visited, the school boys. The school work evidenced itself in their faces.

Of the thirty Fang boys and four girls in the school last year, twenty-four expressed a desire to confess Christ and were given special training in an inquiry class. For a number of years the Fang school has averaged fifty or sixty scholars, all



Mission Girls, Baraka.

of whom have gone back to their towns, carrying with them some Gospel light. One of the open doors to the Fang is the school boy. He was the first to bid us welcome, sighting the boat long before we reached the beach, and he was the last to bid us farewell as we sailed away.

A few months ago a Fang living on the Rembwé was passing a house where lived a Christian Mpongwe woman. This woman had been a school girl at Baraka. She was reading aloud the Bible. The Fang remembered to have heard this read when he was a boy. He came to Baraka and asked for a teacher to be sent to his town. This is suggestive. All Fang boys who hear the Gospel do not become evangelists. Some fall away and return to heathen darkness, but the way to the Fang lies along the road which leads to the school.

The girls are not neglected. While it is not possible to gather as many girls as boys, still they come in goodly numbers. In addition to the regular school studies they are taught to sew, to cook and to do laundry work. We saw the pretty work done by the Mpongwe girls—a pillow cover especially attracting my attention—more than two hundred garments made by their busy fingers.

The missionary in Africa is at it all the time. In the evening of our first day in Africa, which had been a busy one, we were hurried off to a prayer meeting. I should call it an old-fashioned cottage prayer meeting. The rain descended in torrents, pools of water were everywhere in evidence, but the African Christian was not deterred by such trifles.

The meeting was held in a private house some distance away; the room was full, many standing outside on the porch. The leader was a godly sister in Israel, one of the "first fruits" mentioned by the Rev. R. H. Nassau, D.D., in his "Crowned in Palm Land." The service was simple, no cant, no striving after effect, no notice of the stranger within the gates. It was an earnest, spiritual meeting. Now it was an old man who prayed. "David, Samuel,



School House, Baraka.



Mpongwe Mission Boys, Baraka.

Paul, Christ," I could recognize these names as my aged brother poured out his petition in an unknown tongue. Now it was a young man who spoke. He was brief, he was earnest, he was sincere. He turned often to the Bible. Now a sister gave out a hymn or spoke a very few words

or prayed. The hour glided by quickly with *no pauses*. A hearty greeting, wraps on, and out we go into the stormy night. This work goes on week by week in the different homes, not always in the homes of believers, for unbelievers also open the door of their homes to the missionary. It is seed sown on good ground.

One afternoon the wife of a missionary took me to a mothers' meeting. Women with their work, with their babies, with their careworn faces, came to hear the Word. Another afternoon I attended a catechetical class where those who wish to join the church are trained, rooted and grounded in the truth. A look at their faces in the photograph will convince you of their earnestness and intelligence. The catechetical class is a return to the custom of the early Church that might well be heeded by Christians of the homeland.



Group of Christian Women, Libreville.

Another day we sat in the training class for Christian workers and learned how thorough is the training given and how inexhaustible is the supply of patience of the missionary teacher. In each case the missionary, while leading and asking the questions, compelled the pupils to do the work. It was teaching, not preaching.

The Lord's Day was the great day of the feast. The church was crowded with a well dressed, devout, earnest body of workers. It is the best organized church in the Mission. Great was my surprise when the offering was taken to note so many envelopes on the plate. At Creek-town, Old Calabar, we had attended the service and the offering was taken in boxes, three feet long by two feet wide. The money consisted of manillas, horseshoe rings of iron, or brass rods one yard in length, or cheatems (bundles of wire), this being the currency most common among the natives of Creektown. Among the Fang, spearheads answer for money. While I knew the Gaboon church had made great advance, I was hardly prepared to see collection plates heaped up with

envelopes and brought to the pulpit by the native church officials with the dignity and solemnity befitting an act of worship, and in striking contrast to what I have often noted in many churches at home. The membership of this church is 107. During the year 1904 there were

ninety-six regular contributors by envelope, twenty-four of these having of their own accord increased the amount of their offerings. By means of faithful and systematic training on "giving as an act of worship," this Mpongwe church now pays all its own expenses, supports a helper in the Fang field and contributes to other religious objects. The amount of money raised is very large (\$176.00 in 1904) considering the income of the average member. It illustrates what can be done in Africa or America by transforming the "collection" into an "offering to the Lord" as an act of worship and as a



A Catechetical Class, Libreville, and Native Licentiate.

necessary factor in the growth of the individual Christian.

The number of the Mpongwe people is small. The tribe, however, "is the most influential from Kamerun to the Congo." The Baraka church has a great work before it. A town not far away, in which twenty-four persons had expressed a desire to become Christians, sent to the Baraka church asking that a missionary be given them. No white missionary had ever visited this town. In the school last year was one boy from the most wicked of all the tribes in the Gaboon region. An effort will be made this year to secure more boys from this tribe, and thus open the way for the Gospel. The foreign mission work lies at the front door of the Baraka Christian.



Native Money, Neck Rings, Ivory Bracelets, etc.

In addition to the church at Baraka, there is the Ayol church among the Fang. Ayol is some sixty miles from Baraka, and is situated in the midst of the Fang territory. The Fang are scattered over a wide extent

of territory and probably are very numerous, although there has been little exploration in the interior either by the missionary or the trader. Miss Kingsley, in her book, "Travels in West Africa," gives some interesting data about the Fang. They are still largely an unknown people. The Roman Catholic Mission is the only body of Christians besides the Presbyterians at work among them. A few years ago they were cannibals, and even now it is said that a short distance back from the river front in the dark forest, many forms of cruelties are practised by them. The only roads to the Fang towns thus far visited by our missionaries are water ways. The gift a few years ago of the launch "Dorothy" made it possible for the missionaries at Baraka to reach the Fang in the towns along the Gaboon, Nkomo, Ayol, Gungwe and other rivers.

A trip on the "Dorothy," while full of interest, giving a bird's-eye view of the work, makes it apparent that this large field has only been partially tilled by the missionaries of the Board. For the past six years only one missionary has been at work among this very large and important people, and for many years previous the work was almost entirely neglected.

A TRIP ON THE "DOROTHY."

The "Dorothy" is a naphtha launch thirty feet long and draws three feet of water.

On the morning we started on our trip on the "Dorothy" we first stepped very carefully into a small canoe which was lying in the water by the beach. The African canoe is made out of a tree. The boat builder will go into the forest and cut down a large tree. He will then saw off as much of the trunk as he needs for his canoe, usually about twenty feet. With a very rough axe and knife he digs out the tree and smooths the sides until he has quite a good boat. But your hair must be parted in the middle and you must sit in the bottom of the canoe or you will upset the frail craft. Two boatmen paddled our canoe on the morning that we started on our "Trip on the Dorothy."

We were soon aboard and found the "Dorothy" a snug little craft. The naphtha engine is at the stern. There is a small room between the engine-room and the main and only cabin. This room is only a few feet wide. Two doors open into the engine-room and two into the cabin. In this room on one side is a small kerosene cooking stove; on the other side is a wash basin which can be closed and fastened to the wall when not in use. Next this is the cabin. At the upper end of the cabin near the bow is the wheel. On either side are nice long seats with cushions, while at the lower end are two closets filled with crockery, glassware, knives and forks. A roof covers both the cabin, the little room and the engine-room. Many bundles and packages can be put on this roof, and at evening it is a very pleasant place to sit and watch the fish jumping out of the water or gaze at the people in the towns along the rivers.

In the cabin is the picture of a little girl, Dorothy. She lived in Orange, New Jersey, and was much loved by her parents, but God thought it wise to take her to Himself. Her father and mother gave the launch to the Board of Foreign Missions, and in memory of their dear little daughter it was called "Dorothy."

It did not take us long to hoist the anchor of the "Dorothy." Our three boatmen tugged away at it and soon pulled it out of the water.



These three men were curiously dressed, no hats, no shoes, no stockings. One of them had a cloth about his body that looked for all the world like an old patch-work quilt. It had red and white and blue squares just like a patch-work quilt. Another wore only a blue blouse which came to his knees, and the third had a blue cloth about his waist and a worsted shirt. Two of these men were Christians and at the meetings we held in the various towns they aided us by singing and praying, and one of them interpreted for me.

"Thump, thump, thump," went our little engine, and the

"Dorothy" was soon pushing her way through the water. The sketch map will show you just where we went.

The town of Libreville is in the county or district of Gaboon. You will notice on the map the name "Libreville." We started at Libreville, which is in the bay or estuary of Gaboon, and this leads into the Gaboon River. We went past "Parrot" Island and turned into the Ayol River to Ayol. Then we went back to the Gaboon River and sailed many miles till we came to where the Nkomo and Bakwe' Rivers meet the Gaboon. We sailed up the Nkomo River to Atakama. From there through a small creek we went to the Bakwe' River. Then back again to the Gaboon and a long way down to the Gungwe' River. From here we sailed into the Gaboon and retraced our way to our place of starting, Libreville. We saw all the towns placed on the map and many more besides. It was our privilege to hold services at several of these towns and to meet the Christian people who live there. We saw much to interest us and were most pleased to find such a strong body of Christians in this part of the mission field of the Presbyterian Church.

We had traveled only a few miles when far away, close to the shore, beyond Parrot Island, we saw what seemed to be a row of white soldiers. As the "Dorothy" drew nearer we found they were not soldiers at all but "cranes." I have seen a few of them in the Zoological Gardens at Bronx Park, New York City, but this day I counted no less than thirty-six, all standing in a row, busily engaged in "fishing." Near them were a few "pelicans." The sun was shining brightly as we sailed by these birds and their white feathers shone most beautifully in the sunlight.

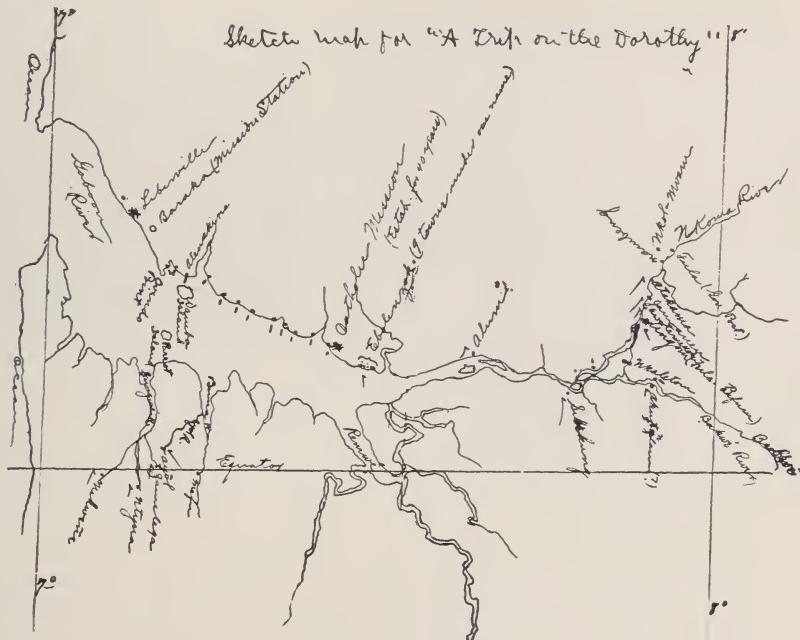
In the rivers there was much to attract our attention. I saw on a tree twenty feet from the ground a large ant nest. The nest was made of earth, every particle of which was carried by the ants up the twenty feet. The nest was at least two or three feet in thickness. Africa is a land of ants. Every time we went ashore we saw hundreds of ants.



"Dorothy."

Sometimes so many of them come into the house that the missionary has to leave it. The ants go into every room and eat every bug, fly, insect or even little kittens. In one missionary's house the "driver" ants—a small ant with two sharp horns near the top of the head—killed a number of little kittens. We saw thousands of these "driver" ants in the various Fang towns we visited. They march along like regiments of soldiers, each little band of ten or more having a captain who directs them where to go. The people are very careful to step over these ants and not on them. We were not troubled with the driver ants while in the Gaboon district, but at Efulen, one night after we had gone to bed, the ants invaded the bark house where we slept. They came in through the windows in vast numbers. The missionary, his wife and two children and ourselves were compelled by these pesky little creatures to leave the house. In the morning when we went back not one of them was to be found. They had gone through the house, driving out every insect, and eating up everything they could find. The missionaries consider them in the light of a blessing, for they clear the house of all insect life.

One evening the "Dorothy" took us into a narrow creek. The limbs of the trees and bushes on either sides scraped the sides of the boat.



There were mangrove trees whose limbs bent over into the water and took root. On many of these limbs we saw oysters growing. Yes, oysters growing on trees! These oysters are small and grow close together on the limbs, both in the water and out of the water. As we landed on the muddy shore that evening any number of small crabs ran away from us into their holes, and a number of walking fish were seen. It seems strange to see fish walk in the mud.

We were soon in the town, which was quite large, having more than

sixty houses. Most of the towns do not have over twenty. This town was what the Africans call "a large town." It had two streets; many of the towns have but one. It had a large "palaver house" in the middle of the main street. Here the people gather to discuss all subjects in which they are interested. Every town has a palaver house. When the missionary led the way through the palaver house he put his hands together and shouted "Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he, eh, eh, eh." The men in the house also shouted "eh, eh, eh," etc. Then the missionary said "M'bolo."

We did not hold the meeting in the palaver house but went to the house of one of the Christians. His house was built of bamboo with a palm mat roof. Only two rooms, but everything was clean and neat. This house, like all the houses here, was small, and many of the people had to stand outside during the meeting. The name of the Christian in whose house we held the service was Robbie Boardman. He is blind. More than twelve years ago he was led to take Christ as his Saviour. He was then a bad man. He did many wicked things, but when he became a Christian his heart was changed. He desired to tell others about Jesus. He went to school. Some good people taught him to read by means of raised letters such as blind people use. He has now many books of the Bible in raised letters. A few months ago the white ants ate up a number of his books, but kind friends have promised to give new ones to him. The white ant is very destructive. At Gaboon and at Lolodorf I saw great beams which had been ruined by white ants. At Old Calabar we saw a white ant hill more than ten feet high. Within this hill lives the queen ant, the mother of many millions.

Robbie has a very kindly face. I wish you could see him as he sings or prays or preaches. I asked him what chapter in the Bible he loved the best and he said "the eleventh of Hebrews." He has also some favorite verses, such as John the third chapter and sixteenth verse and John the fourteenth chapter, first and second verses. His favorite hymn is

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see
And on thy bosom rest."

Robbie repeated these words to me in English and they never seemed so beautiful. He will see no faces in this world, but in the many mansioned home he will one day see "Him face to face." Even now he joyfully sings with us, "I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story, saved by grace." He knows nearly all the New Testament by heart. We have a little hymn book in the Fang language. Robbie knows all the verses of the hymns and the numbers as well. He needs no book



White Ant Hill.

to lead a meeting. The hymns are the same as we sing at home only the words are in the Fang language. One of the hymns we sang was "He leadeth me." This is the chorus as we sang it:

"A bi me wo, a ke ye me,
Nde nzam' emien a ke ye me !
M'e' mbete vot, me' mbete to
Ye nzam' emien a ke ye me."

The people love to sing and they sing well. Not being able to read it is necessary that some one should teach them. This is Robbie's work. He spends two or more months in each town. In the morning he teaches the people the Bible and in the evening, hymns. Those who are Christians are very eager to learn and Robbie is a faithful, patient teacher.

The Fang people who live in the towns we visited were very ignorant and very poor. At the service it was pleasant to hear them repeat the Lord's Prayer in their own language, and to note how many verses of the hymns they knew. We have a Fang school at Baraka, and in many of the towns we were warmly greeted by our school boys. One boy took me by the hand and led me to the little hut where his mother lived. She was a funny little woman, with her hair all covered with red clay, her neck adorned with pink beads, a red cloth about her waist and brass rings on her arms and legs. But she smiled pleasantly when her son told her who I was and she bowed and said "M'bolo" when we went away. The house where our school boy lived had only one room, no chair, no table, only two beds made of bamboo, an iron pot to cook the food and a bow and arrow used in hunting. In one corner was a large bunch of plantains.

Each Fang town has a head man or chief. He rules the town. Outside of each town is a garden where plantains grow, and bananas, cocoa, coffee, bread-fruit, cocoanuts and other fruits and vegetables. The headman would often send us some plantains or bananas, and we would send him a piece of cloth, red or pink or yellow. Once a man gave us some fish and we gave him a box of matches and a bottle of pomade. They need matches, and are very fond of rubbing the pomade on their hair.

We slept on board the "Dorothy" every night of the trip. Under the seats in the cabin were closets where bed clothes were kept. We also had extra boards to draw out, making the seat wider. The cushions were put on these boards, then the bed clothes, then curtains were hung to keep out mosquitoes, and we went to bed and slept as soundly as though we were at home in America.

One morning we were awakened very early by a loud noise. We looked off toward the shore and there was the home of hundreds of parrots. They were up bright and early before the sun and there was no more sleep that morning. Several hundred parrots make a noise like a railroad train and they keep it up for a long time.

Some days the engine of the "Dorothy" would not work. Then the missionary physician would become a fireman or engineer or mechanic or electrician, and work away at the engine or the electrical battery till the "thump, thump, thump" would begin and we would go on our way. A missionary in Africa has to do many things for the sake of Christ that



are not at all pleasant, but the good missionary does not complain because all the time he sees that the people are learning about Jesus.

At times we would sail many hours and not see a single town. The scenery was grand. Very tall trees covered with great vines that seemed to clasp the trees in their embrace, great umbrella trees that looked for all the world like a big umbrella opened to keep off the rain, beautiful palm trees that made us think we were in the Holy Land, rare flowers of many colors and some very fragrant, and all so wild and green and luxuriant that Africa seemed a most fair land. Then we would stop at a town and see poor heathen women with hardly a bit of clothing dancing a strange, wicked dance, while a man stood by beating a great drum. Such hideous noises the dancers made, such fierce looks out of their eyes, such evidence of awful sin that we said, "Africa may be beautiful but here men and women are vile." We longed to tell these poor people the story of Jesus. They are so superstitious! They wear little horns on their necks or a bit of a bone on their arm, or keep the skull of a father or a mother in their hut, believing that by doing this they can obtain the favor of God or ward off some evil from the devil.

The saddest faces we saw were those of the women and little girls. The poor women and girls are sold just as the goats and chickens are sold. I asked one of our Christian boatmen what was the price of a woman in his town. He said when a man wanted a wife he bought her from her father or brother, or the head man of the town, or whoever owned her. The woman could do nothing. She was sold at the price her owner asked. The women do most of the work. We saw them early in the morning carrying heavy loads, and often in addition a baby strapped to their backs. We saw them hard at work in the gardens in the hot part of the day; we saw them at evening go out with their fish nets or baskets to catch fish. The husbands, meanwhile, were lazily smoking their pipes or lounging in the palaver house talking, or when not too weary, hunting birds or animals, which when caught the wife had to cook and rarely was given any to eat. Their faces were very sad, and no wonder. Even little girls not over ten or twelve years of age are sold by their parents or brothers. The father needs money. A man comes and offers him a small sum for his daughter and he sells her for life to one who may be a cruel man. She now belongs to him and he can sell her whenever he so desires. This is the lot of women and girls in all the Fang



As Seen from the "Dorothy," a Fang Village.

towns in Africa. Here is the price paid for a woman as told me by one of our Fang boatmen:—

"Thirty pieces of cloth, each piece about four yards; twenty flint-lock guns, five bags of salt, twenty heads of tobacco, three hats, thirty iron pots, twenty jugs, thirty cutlasses, three cheap coats, three goats, two hundred cheap plates."

These Africans need the missionary to teach them better things. The work of the "Dorothy" is to carry the missionary from town to town in order that he may preach the Gospel. The "Dorothy" also does a good work in bringing the boys and girls from Fang towns on the Gaboon and Nkomo and Bakwe and other rivers down to the school at Baraka in Libreville. A week before we took our "Trip on the 'Dorothy'" thirty-five Fang boys were taken to their homes by the "Dorothy." They had been at school at Baraka and now were going home for a vacation. Each boy will help to make his town better because he has been at the school. There are hundreds of Fang boys and girls in these towns who can neither read nor write and who have never heard of Jesus.

The Fang are interesting people. They are ready for the Gospel. You can see the eagerness manifest in the faces as shown in the photograph. A day with the Fang, while convincing us of the awful degradation of this people, also made clear that good Gospel work was also being done and that here was a great door and effectual open for the Gospel. Here is a record of one of our days among the Fang people:

A DAY WITH THE FANG.

The sun had barely risen when we entered the town of Jamanen. As we climbed the steep bank leading to the town the quick ear of the missionary, like one of old on the mountain side, heard the sound of music and dancing. In a few moments we had passed through the small village with its ugly palaver house in the midst of the main street, and were at the open space at the extreme end of the town.

Here a strange sight met our eyes. Some thirty women arranged in the form of a double crescent were engaged in a native dance. In the center was one young woman, not out of her teens, whose meagre attire, graceful movements and wild song at once pointed her out as the leader. On her head, waving in the breeze, was a bunch of purple feathers; on either arm there stood out a whisk of dried palm or plantain fibre; her neck was adorned with three necklaces of varied colored beads so dear to the African woman's heart. Her single garment was a bit of blue cloth prettily draped about her body and reaching to the knees, while on either limb were three brass rings, and one made of nuts, which latter clicked merrily as the dancer moved to and fro. Ornaments of the other women varied but were not so elaborate as hers.

A native drum three or four feet high, cut out of a tree trunk and hollowed, the lower end closed and the top covered with a tightly drawn skin, was thumped continuously by an elderly man who ever kept his eye on the dancing group beside him. The dancers sang a strange melody unlike anything I have heard either among colored people at the South or in Africa. Their facial expressions as well as motions of the body suggested the lascivious nature of this hideous exhibition of raw heathenism.

One little lad—a member of our Fang school at Baraka—was the sole one to greet us in this town.



In the cool of the afternoon we held a service at Sizakon on the Bokwe'. An eager group gathered about us. I counted over sixty-five at the meeting—most of them Christians. Not one of the women could read but all knew every verse of the half-dozen hymns we sang, and I never heard more hearty singing of the songs of Zion. It was wonderful how eagerly these simple-minded Christians listened to the Gospel. I noticed a leper. His wrinkled face, sadly marked with the frightful disease, glowed with joy as we spoke of Him who bore the heavy burdens of suffering humanity.

The most interesting figure was the headman or chief of the town. He is blind. Several years ago he became a Christian and put away five of his six wives. Each day he teaches his people the words of the Gospel. His prayer was simple and spiritual. His life evinces the sincerity of his profession. At the close of the sermon the entire audience with bowed head and subdued voice repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The old chief, led by one of the Christians, accompanied us to the "Dorothy." The Christian had under his arm a strange bundle. It was bound with leaves. He and the chief and the missionary had a short talk, and the two went back to their town and we went on our way. The bundle was a fetish—the last link with the old heathenism. It was the skull of the father of this Christian Fang. John Ross, in his *Missionary Methods in Manchuria*, tells us that he always dealt tenderly with Christians in regard to their ancestral tablets. I thought of this as we took this most precious relic from our Fang brother. Surely it is a wonderful gospel that can break the power of such a deep-rooted custom.

It was dark that night when we left the "Dorothy" and, in a small canoe, made our way up a small creek to another town. The service over, we came to the riverside, followed by a group of Christian women. One stood on a rock holding in her hand a torch made from the white resin of the mahogany tree and



Fang Dance.

bound with plantain leaves. As we pushed off from the beach and turned into the creek hers was the last figure we saw, while far away up the stream was the tiny light of the "Dorothy."

The night was dark and the Fang woman, waving her little torch, seemed to me a picture of darkest Africa. Here and there a "Dorothy" bears a little light; here and there in these scattered towns, some brave

man or faithful woman is holding the torch which lights the way for a few eager souls. I still see my Fang sister in the darkness of that African night with her lighted torch, standing ALONE on the rock.

How long must she stand ALONE?

TWO PALAVERS.

One of the onerous duties of the missionary is listening to palavers. The visiting secretary was present at a number of palavers. Two occurred among the Fang people. They illustrate certain distinct phases of the African character.

The "palaver" is everything in Africa. No undertaking of any importance can be carried on without the palaver. Before a canoe is purchased, or a wife taken, or a dispute settled, there must be a palaver. The meanest town in the "Bush" where a few straggling huts, a stray goat, a half-dozen children and two-score men and women constitute the entire community, is not without its palaver house. At "Duketown," in Old Calabar, the palaver house was a tumble-down house filled with rubbish and dirt, unfit to shelter pigs, yet when the drum was sounded the people crowded into this building to hold a palaver. Time is no element in the make-up of the African, and these palavers often occupy a whole day or more. The matter in dispute may be the merest trifle, but the palaver must be held and the question settled in proper form.

Miss Isabella Nassau, so long the honored and devoted missionary worker in Batanga, is famous at "cutting" palavers, the people having such confidence in her judgment and perfect justice that they willingly submit their disputes to her, and when she "cuts" the rag held by the two contestants, the one having the shorter piece goes away as well pleased as the possessor of the longer piece—the sign that the palaver has been decided in his favor.

The first palaver was at Angom in Congo Francais, on the Nkomo river in the Gaboon district.

Angom was occupied as a mission station in 1881. The Mission property is on rising ground some distance away from the river and back of the town of Fula. It is a veritable "garden of the Lord," for beauty and luxuriance. If there is any fruit, flower or vegetable growing on the West Coast of Africa, that is not found growing on these goodly acres, it has escaped my eye. The mission houses are fairly surrounded with trees laden with richest fruit, oranges, limes, cocoanuts, pine-apples, bread fruit, paw-paws, avocado pears, mangoes, coffee, cocoa, and much else. The blue myrtle was crushed under our feet as we walked, the "pride of Barbadoes" delighted our eyes as we looked about and tropical flowers of many varieties and richest hues were growing everywhere in great profusion. The Rev. A. W. Marling and wife labored here for sixteen years, and much that we saw was the result of their painstaking



Native Fang Dance.

efforts. Mr. Marling died in 1896. The station was closed in 1898. Every bit of furniture left in the houses remains untouched, a large collection of planks, windows, boxes and innumerable articles lie under the houses or in store-rooms. Not a single article has been stolen since the Board closed the station, and herein lies the subject of our palaver.

The old chief of the town of "Fula" wished to see the "Big Chief" from America, wished a "Palaver." It was a weird scene. The two missionaries from Libreville, the "Big Chief" from America and his wife, the group of natives from the town of Fula, with the old chief in the center, all standing under the great bread-fruit tree, near the mission house,



Procuring Guide for Dwarf Village.

discussing the question of the mission property. The old chief declared that he had not permitted even a board to be taken. He had kept his people from taking as much as a shoe-latchet. He wished many missionaries to come and sit down there, his people needed a teacher. Mr. Marling was a good man; did we have any more such men? But he could not keep his people off our property much longer. We must do something.

The "Big Chief" from America promised him that something should be done. In two moons there would be a palaver at Batanga (mission meeting); in eight moons another palaver at New York; then he would hear from us. It was interesting to watch the face of the old man as the interpreter translated these words. He had an honest face and his frank statement of his inability to keep the property intact much longer was truly African and worthy of all praise. The palaver over, we invited him on board the "Dorothy," and "dashed" him four pieces of blue cloth, and one of red, and two bottles of pomade. He went away as pleased as a child with a new toy.

The second palaver was at Zamelega on the Gungwe river, some thirty-five miles from Libreville. On landing we noticed a certain coldness in our reception. Many men stood aloof; others scowled at us; still others sought to interrupt our service. In all the Fang towns we

had visited we were received most cordially save here. The few Christians in the town came to the service, but most of the people did not. When we reached the canoe preparatory to leaving, we found out the cause of the trouble and a palaver ensued.

The canoe which we used in going ashore from the "Dorothy" had been obtained on trial the week before from a man known to the Mission. He said he owned the canoe. It was taken by the missionary on trial and was to be paid for if it proved satisfactory. A man at Zamelega claimed that the canoe belonged to him. Hence the palaver. One native sat on the bow of the canoe with a gun. Three others stood on the bank with guns. The entire population of the town stood on the rising ground by the beach, and at times all talked. The spokesman was a chief from Gaboon—a shrewd, wily old man, who talked very loudly and made many gestures. He was at Zamelega collecting taxes. The French Government requires the owner of each house to pay a certain tax, and each man not owning a house has to pay a poll tax. This Gaboon king was assisted by a native of the town who also talked much. Through our interpreter we protested that this was not our palaver. We would take the canoe to Libreville, turn it over to the Government and have the matter settled by a judicial process. They would not listen to any such proposition. The French Commandant was in the town assisting in the collection of taxes and we called him in. He too failed to see our side of the palaver, and matters were getting very warm when one of the Christian Fang offered to loan us his canoe, and we agreed to leave the canoe under dispute at Zamelega, on consideration that the French official would give us a receipt for the same.

On reaching Libreville we learned that the man who loaned the canoe to the Mission was having a palaver over the getting of a wife, and the ownership of the canoe was probably in some way associated with his palaver. His story is of interest as illustrative of African customs.

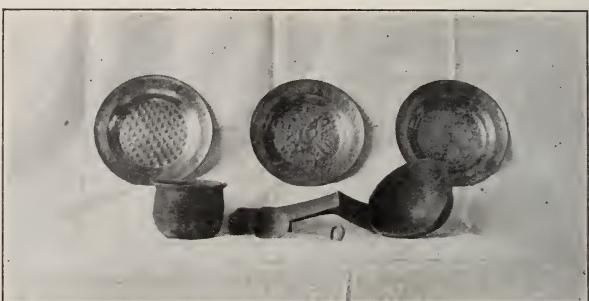
The father of the man who claimed to own the canoe, which we left unwillingly at Zamelega, died, leaving two children, a son and daughter. The mother was sold by the maternal uncle to another man and a dowry of guns or boats or goats given in payment. The uncle then took the daughter—his niece—to wife. By native law—custom—the brother had the right to sell the sister. In lieu of this the uncle gave to the brother—his nephew—a wife. Meanwhile, the mother died. Her second husband demanded from the uncle the dowry he had paid. He failed to get it and to satisfy his claim seized the wife of the son. The son, whose wife was stolen, was so deeply grieved that he went to the town where lived his step-father and the stealer of his wife and stole a wife from that town. The town was Zamelega and every man in the town was up in arms to avenge the theft. Meanwhile, the stolen wife



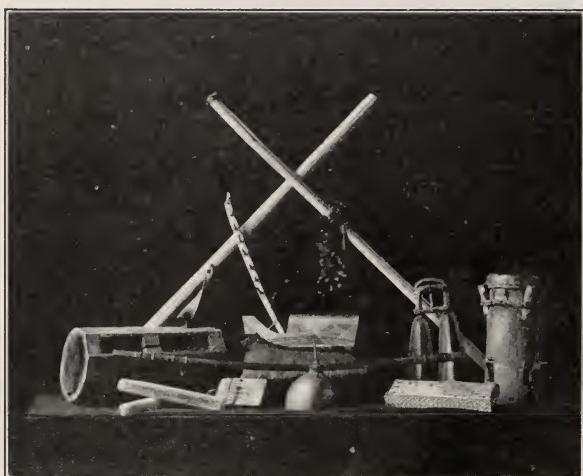
Palaver House, Lolodorf.

with the husband went to Gaboon, the husband hoping that his uncle, the cause of all the trouble, would rectify matters. No such happy issue was in store for him. He was arrested and thrown into prison, but afterwards released and moved to a town where lived a paternal uncle. This paternal uncle was about to make war on the town of Zamelega, but was dissuaded from doing this by his nephew, who probably took a simpler course and stole the canoe, which was the cause of our palaver. The case was still pending when we left Gaboon.

The Fang work is in its infancy. A committee sent out by the Mission last year to inspect the Fang work estimated that the towns seen by them had a population of ten thousand. The Fang are pressing down from the interior to the coast. They seem to me to be an energetic race capable of great development. Their language is closely allied to the Bulu, spoken by so many tribes in Kamerun. Much pioneering work has already been done. During the last year a Christian Fang brought to Baraka three boxes containing human skulls. These skulls had been the objects of worship of men who revered them as most sacred, the skulls of their ancestors. But as the men of Ephesus, after they had accepted the Gospel, brought their sacred relics to the missionaries to be burned, so these converted Fang gave this visible evidence of a change of heart in thus breaking with their past. In conversation with one of the best of our native helpers I learned that while many of the Fang Christians fall into sin, especially immorality, yet others are found faithful, and if there were missionaries sufficient to adequately equip the field a large and abundant harvest would soon be gathered.



Brass Trays, Hammered by Natives, Dwarf Cooking Pot, Spoons.



Musical Instruments.

No medical missionary has labored for any length of time in recent years at Gaboon, yet the other missionaries do not a little to bring relief to many poor sufferers. It was most gratifying to note the large amount of excellent work done by the laymen in relieving the sickness of poor distressed ones at Gaboon.

It was touching to see the interest manifested by the Gaboon Christians in the visit of the secretary. These good people insisted on bringing gifts, mats, cloth, spoons, baskets, spears, brass trays and numerous articles fashioned by their own hands, in order that they might express their appreciation of the work done by the Board.

Even the children vied with their elders in thus giving substantial proof of their gratitude to those who had sent to them the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We can never forget the last moment spent on the porch



Native Grass Cloth and Cotton Cloth, Bead Work and Basket Work.
of the Baraka mission house when one dear soul, after having brought a generous gift, sang in English, with tremulous voice:

“ When we asunder part
 It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart
 And hope to meet again.”

The tears streamed down her face as these familiar English words came from her aged lips, she and we realizing that our next meeting would be around the great white throne when those from every tribe and tongue and people and nation shall sing the “new song.”

The number of members reported on the roll of the Gaboon church is not large, but no one could visit Gaboon without being impressed with the genuineness, sincerity and evangelistic spirit of these fellow Christians of ours on the equator.



The stout surf boat "Lafayette" took us safely from Libreville to Corisco, some sixty miles northwest of the equator, and some twenty miles from the mainland. In going to Corisco we passed from French to Spanish territory. The French territory extends from the river Campo to a short distance north of Landana, a stretch of nine hundred miles save about one hundred miles, which is under Spanish control. In this one hundred miles are embraced all the churches of the Benito District in which Corisco is included.

Corisco is four miles long and three miles wide; at its northern end it is rocky and steep, while at the south the land is flat and sandy. Palm trees abound.

For many years

the West Africa Mission was known as the "Gaboon and Corisco Mission." The Presbytery embracing the territory now occupied by the Mission is still known as the Corisco Presbytery. At one time there were four centres of work on the island and it was hoped that Corisco would become the leading station of the Mission. The population of the island to-day is about four hundred, nearly one-half of whom are members of the Corisco Church and congregation.

The Corisco Christian carries on his work amid great difficulties. No school is permitted, no missionary physician is allowed to charge for medicine, no church bell can be rung. In many ways the "powers that be" seemingly seek to interfere with the work of the Church. Yet in the face of the obstacles presented by the Government and bitter opposition by an ignorant and debased priesthood, this stalwart band of Christians are giving good evidence of the faith which is in them.

We did not arrive at the island till very late one evening and no notice was sent out of a meeting until the following morning, but by 9:30 an audience of sixty-seven persons had assembled. It was a service not soon to be forgotten. There was no doubt the people were deeply interested. They had left their work to honor the presence of the representative of the Board. The rapt attention, the vigorous singing, the warm grasp of the hand, the willingness which they manifested in standing long in front of the church in order that we might get a good photograph to show to the Christians in America, all attest the genuineness of these simple minded Christian people. I can hear them now bidding us farewell as we passed the beautiful avenue of mango trees, down the level shaded walks to the shell covered beach, whence we departed. They indeed, as was done to a famous missionary of old, "brought us on our way to the ship." Weeks afterward and just before leaving for home the following letter was received. I publish it entire as illustrating the fine type of these Coriscan Christians:



Group of Corisco Christians.

A CORDIAL FAREWELL FROM CORISCO CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. Halsey, D.D.:—Your hasty visit calls out the sympathy of many who were anxious to see you but are unable. On the other hand we greatly give thanks to our Master for your sincere visit. We thank you for coming far, far away thousands of miles from west continent across the great Atlantic to our west Equatorial Africa. Here we agree to send our cordial gratitude on your behalf for your tender kindness toward your negroes brethren. May our Omnipotent Master guide your voyage and lead your steamer through heavy and great tempest of the Atlantic Ocean; and then bring both Mr. and Mrs. Halsey safe to America shores.

Sincerely,

CORISCO CHURCHES,

Mduma Injenji.

Corisco, 10th January, 1905.

The church building at Corisco is a beautiful structure of bamboo and mahogany, built in native style with native money. While the church is not entirely self-supporting, yet in view of the many disadvantages under which these Christians have to labor in their daily avocations, as well as in their religious privileges, the amount contributed is very large. The work at Corisco is small and there is little prospect of growth. A sturdier lot of Christians, however, it would be hard to find anywhere in the world. The first convert on the island was for many years the efficient and faithful pastor of the church. His son was the captain of the boat which took us to Corisco and then to Benito and Batanga. Born on the island of Corisco, he was at home on the sea and guided our good ship with unerring skill. He seemed to be quite at home in Presbytery when being examined on the life of Christ and the history of the Christian Church. He bids fair to rival his honored father in all spiritual gifts. He is a typical Coriscan Christian, and we trust that for many years this little island flock will send forth its trained members into the African field which is so white unto the harvest.

The other churches in the Benito district are Hanje, Melega, Bolundo (Benito proper), Bata, Evune and Myuma.

Hanje is twelve miles south of Bolundo. The church was crowded with a well dressed congregation on the afternoon of our visit. It seemed very much like a church at home. In the midst of the service a band of wild, uncouth, illy clad people (some of them no garments at all) entered the house of the Lord. News had gone to the interior that "a great man from far away was to visit the church that day." These rude men of the forest, whose tribesmen every year are pressing in greater numbers to the coast, were drawn no doubt by idle curiosity on that



Corisco Church—School to the Right.

bright, sunshiny afternoon. They are the forerunners of a mighty host. A few years ago two of the Board's missionaries made a trip from Benito into the interior and north to Efulen. Everywhere they found countless towns, a vast unoccupied territory, with thousands of people speaking a language akin to the Fang and the Bulu. When this party of fifteen to twenty entered the church there was not a vacant seat. Instantly twenty seats were vacant and the "poor man in vile clothing" was given the place of honor. "For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor, stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?" One of the young candidates examined to be taken under care of the Presbytery was asked, "If you were sent to an interior tribe which you thought much below you, to preach the Gospel, would you go?" The answer was "There is neither Greek nor Jew, bond nor free, male nor female, in the religion of Jesus Christ." The Gospel is breaking down barriers rapidly in Africa. The Hanje Christians have felt the expansive influence of the Gospel and are asking for better schools, more industrial work, a dispensary and physician and much else. The leaven is working. In a farewell note the native pastor wrote: "We hope that your important visit will cause some alteration of the evil conditions which surround us. We need righteousness to combat corruption, civilization to overthrow barbarism, learning to drive out ignorance. If we do not receive help we will be still sitting under the vast shadow of despair. When you will be homeward bound and parted from us, leaving this dark continent

behind and crossing again the vast Atlantic Ocean, the sons and daughters of Africa will be raising their hands to you and shouting together with one voice for *help, help*, to drive out this great darkness."

In the trip to the interior the two missionaries found no evidences of the Gospel save a few Bulu Sunday calendars, a rude method of noting the days of the week in order to keep the Lord's day. These had been placed in the towns by the Bulu Christians who had gone out from Elat or Efulen. These great multitudes are without the Gospel. If, as is proposed, there should be appointed a superintendent of all the coast churches,



Mango Avenue, Corisco.

Benito would be an ideal place for his residence, for not only is it central, but hither could come the young men under training and abundant opportunity would be offered in the regions around Benito for them to exercise their gifts in an effort to reach these lost tribes.

At Melega is a small band of Christians who own their own house of worship, surrounded as it is by the thrifty and pretty home of the native teacher with its well kept garden with growing corn and lettuce, its fine cocoa and coffee trees, all an object lesson which preaches seven days in the week. The Gospel puts new vigor and enterprise into the African. Every truly converted man shows the effect of the Gospel even in his garden.



Beautiful Benito.

The main station of Benito is at Bolundo. It well deserves to be called "Benito the beautiful." Stand on the beach late in the afternoon when the setting sun is pouring a flood of golden light on house and church, stream and forest, fruit and flower. The great river with its sun-lit, wind-swept waters rushes along the pebbly beach, the gathering shadows give a rich tone to the green forest, the frame in which the river seems enclosed; the lawn, smooth and well kept as the best of English estates, with its great palm trees standing like sentinels to guard from danger is fair to look upon, while as far south as the eye can reach is a mass of flowers rich in color and fragrant with perfume as in the sunniest of sunny lands. A closer inspection does not dispel the illusion. The boat-house is a model, the best boat-house I saw on the entire West Coast. Every boat painted, each canoe tarred and pitched, not a bit of rubbish or a useless stick to be seen anywhere, a paragon of neatness and order and cleanliness. The same was true of the two dwelling houses and the numerous other buildings, church, school, dispensary, store, dormitory and store houses. Many beautiful vistas open as you walk over this fine plot of ground at Benito. It must be a liberal education to the native Christian just to see what can be done by pains-taking labor, good common sense and a touch of the beautiful.

The visitor to Benito did not need the legend embowered in a mass of palm ferns over the door of the mission house to assure him that here was genuine Christian hospitality. "We have great influence here," said one of the faithful workers who has grown gray in the service. We did not doubt it. There is such a happy combination of utility, piety, and beauty. A great spring of pure water is covered over to prevent defilement, a force pump, the gift of one of the missionaries, forces the water into large whitewashed tanks where it is readily accessible. Yonder to the east is a fine avenue of fruit trees, limes, cocoa, avocado pears, cocoanut, pepper, guava, mango, plum and I know not what else. *There*—a walk lined with pineapple hedge; *here*—a fine clump of Indian bamboo, very useful in house building. Two rows of breadfruit trees add beauty to the landscape. Oranges abound and better oranges I have yet to taste, Floridas and Californias not excepted. There is much space where the micabo or the yam or the banana can be cultivated for the boarding school pupils, room enough to provide food for all who can be taught by the small mission force at the station. The flock of sheep, dark brown with no wool, the pigs and chickens, the Syrian donkey named Nyack from the church which contributed the funds for its purchase, add a pastoral touch to the picture. One of the events of the day is to see Nyack come to the kitchen door every afternoon at four o'clock to get her afternoon tea. She learned this in the *Syria Mission*.

It were worth a journey to Africa to enjoy the good things at Benito. We heard much of the great Roman Catholic Mission at Landana, farther south. It is indeed beautifully situated and the "Fathers" in charge have a fine garden, but the indescribable filth of yard and house puts it out of comparison with "Benito the beautiful."

The same attention to detail was manifest in things spiritual. Everything is sadly handicapped by the action of the Spanish officials. The store is closed, also the dispensary. No medicine can be sold, it must be given away. At all our mission stations the charge for medicine is very slight, usually only sixpence. The Spanish Government does not even permit this. The medical work is at a standstill at Benito, likewise the school. The Government insists on Spanish being taught by the white missionaries. At the time of my visit a very bright colored man who spoke Spanish well taught the few children employed about the place, but no regular school was held.

In an interview with the Spanish governor at Bata he very courteously gave us permission to reopen the store but did not permit us to sell medicines.

The religious work of the station, however, went on without interruption. It was pleasant to see the people wending their way to church

early Sunday morning. Some came in canoes across the river or from various places along the coast, some from nearby towns. A goodly number came from long distances, whole families, fathers, mothers and children, trudging along with bright faces and cheery talk as



Main Mission Residence, Benito.

they came to the house of the Lord. In a land where polygamy enters into the warp and woof of the social and political life it meant much to see the "husband of one wife" with his children going to the house of the Lord. The little tots looked very pretty in their Mother Hubbard gowns and their many colored caps as they marched along beside their parents, proud of the privilege of going to church.

It was interesting to note the self-denial evidenced in many ways by these Benito Christians. The church is self-supporting; the three licentiates all gave up lucrative positions in order to study for the ministry. One was receiving \$15.00 per month. He works for the missionary for less than one-third of this amount and spends every spare minute in study. I examined him in Old Testament history. He knew his Bible well. The native Spanish teacher was offered \$20.00 a month by the Spanish Government if he would go to Fernando Po and teach. He refused, albeit his pay from the Mission is less than \$5.00 a month. Godly women were present on that Sunday morning, who, when they prepare ten sticks of cassava, the staple native food in all West Africa, carefully lay aside one stick for the Lord. This means much. The work of preparing cassava is arduous, requiring patience, any amount of time and much muscle. It is done entirely by women, the real burden bearers in Africa.

The Evune congregation are erecting a new church building. It was about one-half completed when we visited Evune. The Bolundo Christians hearing that their fellow Christians at Evune felt unable to complete the structure offered to assist them. I have no doubt the church will be completed ere these lines are in print, and that without any cost to the Board.

The Christians at Bolundo wanted to know whether the Board would open a new station up the river "where dwells a tribe as yet unreached by the Gospel." No better evidence of the depth of Christian conviction at home or abroad than this desire to send the Gospel to the regions beyond. In this particular instance, the request has an added significance from the fact that the tribes without the Gospel, in the interior, are looked down upon by the Benito people as inferior. The difference in rank among the tribes of Africa is hard to explain to a European. It is the old story, "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans," until the Gospel breaks down the barrier. In my interviews with the Spanish governor, I took occasion to remind him that no member of any one of the churches in the entire Benito district had been so much as accused, much less convicted, of any crime against the Spanish law. The governor willingly assented to my statements and said the Government fully recognized the beneficent character of our work. The leading elder in the Benito church is employed by the government to settle the palavers constantly arising among the people. These palavers are not few, and by no means simple. I found this elder to be a man well versed in Scripture, well informed regarding the ancient customs and manners of his people and keenly alive to the African's great need of the Gospel of Christ.

We took an extra boat, the "Willie," in going from Benito to Bata, a distance of some twenty-three miles. The "Willie" is the second boat of



*Mrs. Reutlinger and
"Nyack."*

that name in the Mission. Both these boats were the gift of Mr. William A. Pembroke, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Mr. Pembroke never did anything by halves. The first "Willie" lasted twelve years. The present craft is very staunch and bids fair to do yeoman service for the Mission for many years to come. The boats were given as a memorial for a dear child, as in the case of the "Dorothy." Both Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke contributed to the support of one of the Benito missionaries. It is pleasant to think that the good work begun by these godly people still continues, even though they have passed on to their reward.

It was at Benito that we made the acquaintance of one of the many pests of Africa which the missionary has to contend with. It was here we learned the full significance of the celebrated saying which is not to be found in any of

Benjamin Franklin's works, "Say your prayers and look at your feet." "Chiggers" abound in West Africa, and they quickly find your feet. Left alone they produce a festering sore and often cause serious trouble. The natives are very careless regarding the "Chiggers." One of the missionaries at Benito assured me that it was necessary at times to punish severely the children in order to compel them to take out the "Chiggers" from their feet. At Efulen the teachers in charge of the school, after repeated warnings, have found it necessary to inflict corporal punishment upon the children in order to compel them to extract these troublesome creatures, albeit every day that one of them is left in the foot causes increased pain.

The missionary is subject to many inconveniences. The filaria, a small worm, which in some mysterious way, either through water or food, enters the system, becomes a source of pain and much discomfort. Ants of all kinds and in numbers whose name is legion abound. Snakes are in evidence though we saw but few. The mosquito with his malarial poison lies in wait at every turn of the road, and lurks at every bedside. It is one constant battle. Few indeed of the missionaries escape a touch of the fever. Yeoman service is required of the man or woman who would toil for Christ in the Dark Continent, yet I heard no word of complaint from our workers regarding any of these hindrances to the flesh.

The road from Hanje to Bata is lined with towns. A conservative estimate of the population at or near the coast from Hanje to Evune is between fifteen and twenty thousand. The population in the interior is not known. Traders cannot go very far back of Bata for fear of hostile tribes. While we were at Bata a German trader attempted to go into the interior and was robbed of his goods, barely escaping with his life. In time these numerous tribes will be subdued and open to the Gospel as the Bulu are in Kamerun.

On the parade grounds at Bata we saw Negro soldiers being drilled



Church, Erunè.

by Spanish officers. These soldiers were from the Fang tribe. It is said that many Fang dwell in the bush in the Benito district. The Fang and Bulu are closely related. Missionaries who speak one of these tongues can easily be understood in the other. One sees here the finger of Providence pointing to a great open door to the Presbyterian Church in its West Africa Mission.

The Bata church was crowded the night in which it was our privilege to speak. Everything at Bata indicated that a new governor was instituting a new reform. A general stir and business air seemed to pervade the atmosphere in striking contrast to the old regime. The governor informed us that he had just completed arrangements for the construction of the telephone to connect Bata with Kribi and thence with Duala. At Duala is a cable station. Benito will soon be in touch with the outside world. All these churches in the Benito district, while showing evidence of growth and development, need and will need for years to come constant supervision of the white missionary. The African Christian has not yet learned to stand alone. Friendly counsel, wise administration of discipline and godly incentives from others are greatly needed to keep the church upright in morals, true in doctrines and zealous in service. When we consider how many

churches in our homeland still need to be cared for by Presbyteries and Synods and Boards, it is not to be wondered that the African church requires paternal oversight. At present in the Benito district there are only three students for the ministry. Six are needed. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth laborers into His harvest."

Traveling in a surf boat, well loaded with trunks, bundles, crew and passengers, is not desirable. The sun is hot during the day, the nights are damp and chill. The facilities for sleeping and eating are not to be compared with those afforded by the "Dorothy." Yet the missionary journeys many a mile in these boats, which are safe, and while not commodious, serve their purpose well. One of the pleasant features of the boat travel was the singing by the Christian men who composed the boat's crew. One familiar tune after another would float out on the night air as we made our way past Evune and Ubenji toward Batanga. This singing is a characteristic feature of the African Christian. The Bulu carriers who were with us much in the interior were singing constantly as we journeyed through the long day and they always assisted at the evening meetings with their songs. The Gospel song seems to have driven out the heathen song entirely in the life of the believer. At Elat we heard the scholars sing part songs admirably, their singing reflecting great credit on the faithful teaching of the missionary and evincing what a mighty factor in evangelization is "the Gospel in song."



River Bata.

Four of the six stations of the Board are in the Kamerun district, Batanga, Lolodorf, Elat and Efulen. When the Portuguese in 1490 discovered the great delta of the river which ran through their territory, it was filled with prawns (a species of craw-fish) and they called it "Cameroes," that is to say, "prawns" and "Kamerun" is a corruption of the word. Kamerun extends from the river Campo, the end of the Spanish possession, to southern Nigeria, the beginning of British possession, a territory embracing 180,684 square miles with an estimated population of three and a half million. It is rapidly developing under the wise administration of the German Government.

BATANGA STATION includes a coast line of sixty miles. The work of the station is confined almost entirely to the coast. The main station at Batanga, forty miles from the river Campo, was formerly a place of some commercial importance. It has declined in the last decade. This is due in large part to the fact that Kribi, five miles to the north, was a few years ago made a civil station by the German Government. The governor of the district resides there. Many of the factories and trading stores formerly located at Batanga have removed to Kribi. Kribi is easily the trade center of the district and the point of departure for the interior. The native towns in and near Batanga are neither large nor flourishing. The people seem to lack enterprise, and are living in the past. The tribal animosities and jealousies, which in years past led to bloodshed and greatly interrupted the work of the Mission and the trader as well, have lost their fierceness, but not altogether their animosity. As I stood on the bank of a quiet stream—it is very boisterous in the rainy season—which bounds our Mission property at Bongaheli at the north, one of the senior missionaries told me how in days gone by this stream was the dividing line between two small tribes who often engaged in hand-to-hand encounters on its banks and in its swift-flowing waters. In one or two stormy interviews I had with these dear colored brethren and sisters at Batanga, I imagined that we were on the bank of that stream and in the midst of such a conflict as the good missionary described having witnessed long ago.

One of the most delightful experiences of all the visit to the West Africa Mission was that in every mission household at family prayers, the Year Book of Prayer was in evidence. I wish that every Presbyterian family in the homeland would thus use the Year Book published by the Women's Boards and Societies. Every missionary looks forward eagerly to the month when the mission which he represents will be the subject of thousands of prayers in the homeland. I can ask no greater blessing for Africa than that all who read these lines will purchase and use the Year Book of Prayer. Readers of the Year Book for 1906 will note that no missionaries are assigned to the Batanga Station. It is a sad story, but one which I believe the Church at home should know.

Ere we left the steamer on our way to Africa, a letter of complaint purporting to come from the Batanga church was placed in my hands. Two hours after our arrival a committee from the church waited on the representative of the Board and asked for a palaver. The palaver was granted. Other letters and palavers followed. In fact much time was given to these good people who seemed to be in dire trouble. The various conferences and discussions only served to show that the Christian people at Batanga were dissatisfied with the work of the majority of the missionaries. By letter and by word of mouth they asked for the removal of nearly all the missionaries at the Batanga Station. The com-



plaints touched every branch of missionary activity, evangelistic, educational, medical. Some of the complaints arose from ignorance, a failure to grasp the facts, some from the peculiar disposition of the African mind, which, to a foreigner, is past finding out; some had a basis of truth. I carefully examined each complaint and found no ground for the sweeping condemnation of the faithful workers at Batanga. It is well for the Church at home to know that the missionary is only human, that the African climate is most trying on the nerves, that the African Christian is sometimes as unreasonable and unfair and unjust as Christians in the homeland. Even Moses spoke unadvisedly with his lips, and certainly was not justified by any law, human or divine, in the use of his hands in dealing with a certain nameless Egyptian. From the mass of complaints and grievances presented to me I select a single illustrative case.

A patient came to the hospital at Batanga from Kribi. He, like Mephibosheth of old, was lame in his feet. The missionary physician, after examination, said that it would be necessary for the patient to reside in the town near Batanga while undergoing treatment, since the twice five-mile daily walk would hinder recovery. The patient declined to stay in the town on account of personal reasons. The physician then offered to give him a bed in the hospital, but this offer was refused because of alleged inability to pay for food during residence in the hospital. The generous minded doctor then agreed to provide for the food as well as to treat the patient. For some reason which was not made clear to me the patient refused this offer, whereupon the physician said he could do nothing more for him. Some days later the patient returned accompanied by a prominent member of the Batanga church. After much discussion, in which the native Batanga Christian endeavored to dictate to the physician what he should do for the patient, the good doctor lost his temper, and insisted on them both leaving the hospital, as he had numerous other patients who demanded his attention. As they still lingered, he assisted their departure by forcible means. This was the story told me by the parties aggrieved and confirmed in substance by the doctor. Neither of the parties in being ejected from the hospital were injured save in their DIGNITY. I have no doubt the good physician lost his temper, but I think I would have done so under similar circumstances.

This story and many others I heard from the members of the Batanga church. A spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction with the work of the missionary was manifest in all the interviews which I had with these good people. I felt deep sympathy for them. In former days Batanga was a prosperous place. Now its glory has departed. The policy of the Mission in later years has been steadily directed more and more toward self-support. The people must pay for their medicine—a small sum—must contribute something for the education of their children and in other ways must assume the burden of responsibility of members of the Christian Church. All Africa is in a state of transition. The old order passeth away, the new order cometh. It is impossible to avoid friction, discontent and dissatisfaction in such a transition era. This dissatisfaction showed itself some years ago in an open outbreak against the missionaries. The visit of the Secretary offered a favorable opportunity for the people to present their grievances, real or supposed. I gave every opportunity for the members of the church to talk over these matters with me, but I found hardly one who was not more or less disaffected.



Self-support is a hard lesson to learn, even in America, much more so in Africa. The Mission, in my judgment, acted wisely in withdrawing the missionaries for a time from the Batanga Station. I believe the discipline will prove effective.

The Batanga church is the largest church numerically in the Mission.

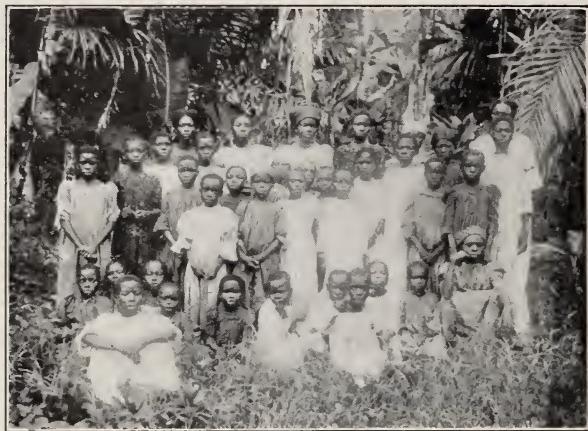
It has many devoted souls within it. It is not a hopeful sign that after twenty years of labor the people seemingly do not appreciate what has been done for them, but I believe that out of this trouble a blessing will come and the Church will be "established, settled, strengthened."

The situation at Batanga presents much that is helpful and inspiring.

There are five centers of work. At the southern end of the field is Bongaheli, with its substantial and commodious church, its cozy mission residence, "Evangeline Cottage," the school room adjoining, the garden with its pretty flowers, and the grounds well supplied with fruit bearing trees.

A mile and a half beyond is the central station of the Mission, Ikihike, with its three fine residences, two of them near the seashore, and the third a short distance back on the main road; the school house, the hospital, the store and a number of smaller buildings. Then a mile and a half, still going north, the outstation at Lobi (Waterfall), and some distance beyond the church and school at Bwam-bi and the well built church at Kribi with the manse adjoining.

I can never forget the sight of the girls in the school at Bongaheli. The school was closed, but the scholars gave us a reception one afternoon, and we realized as we looked into the happy, intelligent faces of these children, in such striking contrast to those we saw in the towns nearby, what a splendid work was being done for the future church at Batanga. Not long before our visit a Y.P.S.C.E. prayer circle was organized, and the solemn pledge was most faithfully kept. One outcome of the pledge was the visit by Christian girls to native homes



Miss Nassau's School, Bongaheli.



Group of Children, Batanga. Albino in front.

where dwelt Christians who were unable to read, the educated Christian girls going with glad hearts to read the Word of God and to sing the sweet songs of Zion.

A well trodden path leads by Evangeline Cottage Carriers from the distant interior pass on their way to the factory beyond. The good missionary, who, for more than a generation, has served the Lord in Darkest Africa, sits in the doorway of her cottage, and by aid of the baby organ induces the carrier to rest for a while on his journey. The Word is preached to these passers by, some of whom are never seen again, but surely we have the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void but it shall accomplish the purpose whereunto it is sent."

Evangeline Cottage is the theological seminary of the mission field. Here for many years students have been taught the Word of God and fitted for their life work by the professor of didactic and polemic theology, church history, catechetics and much else, and that professor a WOMAN. I give a few items from the report of this theological seminary presented at the meeting of Corisco Presbytery which I attended. Of 233 class days, one student was absent twenty days, one eighteen, one twenty-five. The course of instruction consisted of a system of theology based on the work of Alexander S. Patterson, of Old Testament history from the creation to the captivity, of Foster's Bible Story entire, and questions and answers in the shorter catechism with full proof texts. I listened to the examination of these candidates for the Gospel ministry, and was well satisfied that whatever St. Paul meant when he said that women should not speak in the churches, he did not mean that women should not teach in a theological seminary in Africa.

It speaks well for the Batanga Christians that they built their own church, and do something toward paying the running expenses. One of the Sundays in which it was my privilege to worship with this congregation, an offering was taken which amounted to twenty-eight marks (about seven dollars), a goodly contribution considering the earning capacity of the average communicant, and the peculiar economic difficulties under which the people labor at the present time.

For the last dozen years, the Annual Meeting of the Mission has been held in the school house at Ikihike. The three Mission residences afford ample room for the entertainment of all the missionaries and the school room, with its two ante-rooms, is well adapted both for the meeting of Mission and of Presbytery. The grounds are very spacious and plentifully



Bongaheli, Residence Dr. and Miss Nassau, Batanga.

supplied with trees whose grateful shade and noble proportions lend an added charm to this haven by the sea.

This is the haven of the Mission. It is the point of landing and of departure for the missionaries. Even those who go to Benito or Gaboon frequently stop over at Batanga. One of the onerous tasks resting upon the missionaries at Batanga is the receiving and caring for all goods shipped from England or America, and the forwarding of them to the various interior stations. When it is remembered that these goods must be landed in small boats where the surf runs high and the beach is treacherous, and must be carried on the backs of men in loads adapted to the capacity of each, it will readily be seen what a task is imposed upon the workers at Batanga. It has been necessary all these years to keep stores at the interior stations. Large quantities of goods have to be purchased, since they are needed for trade with the natives. He who has not seen the landing of cargo at the inhospitable beach at Batanga can hardly know what it means to land goods safe and sound; and he who has not dealt with the African carriers can hardly appreciate what patience, care and tact is required ere these goods can be safely landed in the home of the missionary in the distant interior. At my request Mr. Peter Menkel, who has done much of this work in years gone by, but who since we left Africa has died, prepared the following statement of one year's caravan work.

A statement concerning the Caravan work in connection with the transportation of goods to Lolodorf, Efulen and Elat from Batanga.

Number of man loads sent to the above mission stations during 1904:

Jan. 136	Feb. 42	March 62
April 43	May 29	June 48
July 30	Aug. 219	Sept. 114
Oct. 53	Nov. 51	Dec. 80 Total.....907

To get these loads in shape to be carried means the receiving and storing of cases, bales, etc., from the steamers. Many of these cases are too large or heavy, or both, for safe handling out of the boats on the beach, especially so during the afternoon, as the seas dash over the bow or boat's side and wet the cases. If small ones, they are more quickly handled. But during the "dry season" the boats are almost invariably full of water before the cases can be got out. At all times cases too heavy or too large for a man to carry must be repacked.

But much more so is it necessary to open all cases received during the dry season.

June 9. The steamer brought 84 cases for the Mission. Two boat loads got wet; cases too heavy to handle; stored them. Books nearly ruined. There were stationery, provisions, shoes, clothing, cloth, muslin, hardware, all for the interior.

Out of about 30 bolts or trusses of cloth and muslin 21 had to be put into the washtubs and soaked in fresh water to get out the salt water in order to get the material dry for repacking. Cloth or clothing wet with salt water will always feel wet or damp until soaked in fresh water. We kept five washtubs in constant use till over 1,000 yards were soaked, then put through the wringer and dried on the lawn. As we had some hot days it was soon fit for rerolling into bolts. All sorts of clothing were thus treated. Happily all were washable. Shoes not so easily handled as they moulded, hardware quickly rusted so all had to be oiled, fishhooks were fastened together in a bunch by rust. After a week's work these goods were repacked in smaller cases ready for the interior, not much the worse for their sea bath. Without this effort to save them from ruin they would have heated, mildewed and rotted before they reached the interior stations.



Two Batanga Saints.

An agreement has now been entered into with one of the large trading firms at Kribi to take entire charge of the receiving of all the goods of the Mission and shipping them to the interior stations. It is hoped that this experiment will prove satisfactory. Under the new plan, the missionary will be relieved of much secular work, but carriers will still be needed for the transporting of the personal effects of the missionary as he journeys to and fro from the coast to the interior.

One of the most prominent buildings at Ikihike is the school house. The building is a plain wooden two story structure, the lower floor being used as a dormitory for the boys and the upper rooms, consisting of one large and two small, being used for recitation. There are nine schools connected with the station, the main school being held in the building at Ikihike and the others in adjacent towns. All the schools were closed during my visit.

The report presented to the Mission meeting showed that the place of the school master at Ikihike is not a bed of roses. The first term there were sixty-eight scholars enrolled, the second forty, the third twenty-eight. There were only five Batanga boys in the school. The Batanga people are proud and many of them refuse to learn the Benga, which is closely allied to their tongue, the Bapook. The text-books are in the Benga. There are not enough Bapooks to warrant printing text-books in that language. In three of the schools no Benga is taught, while in five others Benga is the main language. Nothing is being done for the great Mabeya tribe, a large and interesting tribe in the Benga district. The German Government insists, and properly, on German being taught. This adds another complex feature to the situation. It is difficult to teach a foreign language to a scholar until he can read in his own. The school master gets little help from the parents, since the parents do not appreciate, except in rare instances, the value of education. A small charge for tuition imposed a few years ago, and more strictly enforced each year, created much dissatisfaction. No doubt many of the village schools do good work, but the educational outlook at Batanga was not, so far as I could judge from a very incomplete survey, promising. Some of the letters of complaint sent me were from native teachers asking for increased compensation.

On investigation, I found that they were well paid for the small services required. The visit of the Secretary, however, seemed an opportune time to ask for an increase of wages. Human nature is the same the world over. From these schools have gone forth many pupils who have become useful members of society. At the present time, however, I think the school work is not as promising as in years gone by. The school



"Syracuse," Batanga.

problem at Batanga is not a simple one. Much patience and skill and firmness will be required ere the good people at Batanga realize the value of education for their children. The closing of the schools for the year 1905 may prove a very salutary lesson to them all. .

I was very much impressed with the earnestness, zeal and evident sincerity of the people in the Bongaheli, Lobi (Waterfall), Bwambi and Kribi churches. I think there are many God-fearing men and women among them, and when they once realize what education means for their children I am confident they will be more than ready to comply with the reasonable conditions laid down by the Mission in educational matters. In the expectant faces of many boys and girls that greeted me in these churches on the days of my visit I thought I detected much good material for future Christian service. In that much discussed

volume, "Travels in West Africa," is a statement that "the missionary educated man is the worst man on the coast." Some missionary educated men may be "ne'er do wells." I have known some graduates of Harvard and Yale and Princeton to belong to this category. I found natives who had been educated in the mission schools occupying positions of prominence and of trust in post office, custom house, trading factories and cable offices and other places of honor and influence all along the West Coast. I sought diligently to ascertain the facts regarding this matter. I heard government officers complain that the Missions did not turn out enough good men to supply the need and I have no doubt this is true. The African does not yet realize the change which is coming over his country, and even Christian fathers and mothers are slow to understand the value of the new regime. There is a great future for the African boy and girl who is willing *to learn and to work*. One of the most encouraging signs in all the Mission was the evident purpose and plan of missionaries to awaken this desire in both the parent and the child.

It is pleasant to note that from Ubenji, thirty miles south of Batanga proper, to Kribi, five miles north, there is a line of mission outposts. Kribi is a growing place. The European settlement with the factories, government offices and residences lie across the river away from the native town and some distance from the Kribi mission church. A bridge is now in process of construction across the river and a new road is soon to be built between Kribi and Batanga. This may improve conditions at Batanga. It certainly will help Kribi. Kribi is becoming more and more a great caravan centre. The Kribi church is in a strategic position. The work there under the careful supervision of the white missionary should be greatly enlarged in the next few years. One of the missionaries in the interior told me how some Bulu Christian carriers who go to Kribi with their loads refused to carry at the command of the traders a load of rum and they persevered in their refusal though they were flogged for it. Such stalwart Christianity needs to be encouraged. A Christian palaver house at Kribi, such as we have at Lolodorf,



Waterfall.

where carriers could rest at noon or at night, with a native evangelist to teach them the Word, might prove most helpful.

The medical work at Batanga is the largest in the Mission. The hospital with a dispensary is a long one-story structure. It is suitable for native patients only and will accommodate seventeen. The floor is cement, the beds are bamboo and the whole affair, while primitive, as compared with our hospitals at home, serves its purpose very well. During Mission meeting many illustrations were given of the beneficent work of the hospital. The case of one of the Bulu carriers who was accidentally shot is suggestive. When brought to the hospital it was found that an operation was necessary. The physician in charge devoted much time to the case. Many of his friends came to see him. The Bulu missionaries seized the opportunity to teach the Word of God which was being so beautifully exemplified every day in the constant and faithful care given by the physician and nurse. The friends of this man went back to their town carrying with them evidences of the skill of the physician, the kindness of the missionary and something of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This work goes on every day of the year and is far reaching in its influence.



The Gospel is working mightily in the whole Batanga district. The very spirit of unrest manifested in the attacks on the missionaries, in the demand for industrial work, and in general dissatisfaction with the instruction received, are all indications of growth. Indifference chills, stagnation is death; opposition, even if misguided, indicates desire for better things. A Benga proverb reads: "The place of slippery rocks is not walked over twice." I believe that many who this year have been walking over "slippery rocks" will avoid them in the future. In the Batanga church are many loyal and faithful praying Christians who mourn the present condition of affairs in this station. The missionaries have made some mistakes, the people more. Experience is a costly but efficient teacher. A missionary said to me, "One learns to love these people even with all their faults, for they desire the Gospel greatly. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." The Benga have a proverb called "two friends." One friend reproached the other for not going to visit him. He replied: "The jug visits the spring but the spring never visits the jug." Proverbs reveal the hidden thought of the race. Possibly we have not fully understood the Benga's point of view. I can testify to most delightful spiritual experiences with many of my Batanga fellow Christians. I have great hopes for the future of the Batanga church.

Coincident with the sessions of the Mission meeting at Batanga was the meeting of Corisco Presbytery. The opening sermon was by a native preacher.

It was delivered in a simple, straightforward manner without the slightest affectation. The African is a born orator. He, like Aaron, speaks well. What most astonishes an American used to the rather florid style and hortatory manner of the colored preacher in his own land, is the dignity of manner, the repose, self-possession and genuine simplicity of the African preacher. The Presbytery is composed of

four native ministers, eight white ministers (missionaries), one licentiate, four local evangelists and fifteen students studying for the ministry.

At least half of the white ministers are always home on furlough, so that, as in this meeting, there is an equal number of



white and colored ministers in attendance. The colored brethren take their full share of responsibility and each alternate year the Moderator is chosen from the colored and white ministers respectively.

The two most interesting features of the gathering were the examination of candidates and the joint meeting of Presbytery and Mission, for the purpose of considering the question of "Self-Support."

The examination of the various candidates was thorough and exhaustive. New candidates, of whom there were six, four from the coast and two from the interior stations, were examined with great care regarding their motives for seeking the ministry and their daily walk and conversation.

For one solid hour two young men were examined in Church History. With no apparent effort, save now and then a search for the right English word, they answered readily such questions as "Name some of the Apostolic Fathers;" "What was their work?" "Who were the Apologists?" "What is Pelagianism?" "Semi-Pelagianism?" "State the true doctrine?" "What was the great question before the Council of Nice?" "Name the important speakers?" "Who was the Morning Star of the Reformation?" "What did Luther do during his year of confinement in the Castle?" Question after question was answered in a way that showed a clear grasp of the subject.

The "Joint Meeting" in the interests of "Self-Support" was a memorable occasion and marked a crisis in the history of the Presbytery and Mission. After two addresses by white missionaries had been delivered in English and translated into Benga and Bulu, the native brethren had their turn. One good brother, a leader among the African ministers, said that he noted in the minutes of the General Assembly many churches still under the care of the "Home Board" (officials of the Home Board give ear to this voice from Africa) and he thought it not fair to expect all the fourteen churches of Corisco Presbytery to assume self-support *at once*. The hit was timely and well received.

Another told how a few years ago he had learned a secret—namely, that giving was an offering to the Lord, that it was worship. His church now was self-supporting and last year had sent a native teacher to the heathen Fang.

The most impressive address was made by a student in his last year. He hopes to be licensed next December. His address was in English and he read it. I give a few extracts:

"I have not seen a babe that has been born about three or four months let down to walk by himself without the parent or some one else holding him and teaching him how to walk; but the mistake here is that they hold this babe (Corisco Presbytery churches) till the age of forty years. You know well that when a babe is past three years and cannot walk he is lame. So we are lame on self-support. We have not learned to walk." He then spoke of Abraham and Moses and Jacob and how they gave to the Lord. He cited the history of Israel on the tithe question. He told how he began at thirteen years of age to tithe and how after these years (he is about twenty-four years of age) he found it a great delight. "I have a little bag and into this I always put the Lord's money as soon as I receive it. When the Sabbath comes my bag never fails me." Some good Christians in America might learn a lesson from this colored brother. The whole Presbytery was stirred. Much has been done—more will be.



Batanga must continue to be the clearing house for the interior stations. Eighty-one miles north and east is Lolodorf. From Lolodorf to Elat, still going east and south, is fifty-one miles, while from Elat to Efulen going westward is fifty-seven miles, and it requires a journey of sixty miles from Efulen to again reach Batanga. The round trip means a journey of some two hundred and fifty miles. The German Government in Kamerun, like the old Roman, appreciates the value of good roads and it is rapidly making them. The one to Lolodorf is in process of construction.

For part of the way there is a hard clay road some thirteen feet wide, well ditched and in places well bridged, but ever and anon there is a long stretch of forest with only a narrow path, while over the streams, brooks and rivers, stones, logs and trees often do for bridges. Much yet remains to be done ere even this road will be completed. We met large gangs of workmen cutting down trees or clearing away the underbrush or building bridges. The work is not expensive. A few years ago the Bulu waged war on the coast tribes for alleged robbery and laid waste the country, even destroying factories in Kribi itself. The Government now compels the Bulu to labor on the road a certain number of days of the year as a sort of war tax.

At present no wheeled vehicle can make the trip. Horses if sure footed, do very well. Donkeys are most serviceable. Bicyclists find the wheel convenient, albeit the hills are many and there are long stretches where the wheel cannot be used, but a small boy is always on hand, who for two or three fishhooks, the great treasure of the African boy, will carry the wheel many a mile. The methods of travel into the interior most commonly adopted by the missionaries are walking for the men and the hammock for the women. All food, bedding, tents, luggage, cooking utensils, everything, must be borne by the carriers. The amount of the load varies from forty to eighty pounds. Each load must be carefully packed and weighed and assigned before starting. Hammock bearers have to be chosen with much regard to both strength and disposition. A surly hammock bearer is often a greater hindrance than a severe rain storm or a bridgeless stream.

Hotels are unknown. Very little can be purchased along the way—a few eggs, corn for the donkey, occasionally some bananas—but the trade is not sufficient yet to warrant the erection of any large department stores between Kribi and Lolodorf. Nineteen men were



Departure of Missionaries.

required by our party. To select these, to arrange their loads, to see that they started on time and arrived on time was no small work. Yet this is a part of the ever recurring duty of the missionary. Patience, caution, attention to detail, discernment, fertility of resource in case of

need and an unfailing good nature is a most necessary part of an African missionary's outfit.

The Mission with wise forethought had appointed one brother to look after our comfort. We made the long journey without a hitch or a single accident worth the mention. It was not parlor car accommodation by day nor Waldorf-Astoria by night. These will

come in time. It is only a few years ago that Mosilikatse, the wild heathen king, ruled at Buluwayo. In a current number of the "African World" I find the following advertisement: "A weekly fast train de luxe leaves Cape Town every Wednesday, conveying first and second class passengers for Kimberley, Mafeking, Buluwayo, and connecting with fast saloon service, sleeping accommodations to Salisbury and Victoria Falls." No such train is advertised in the Kamerun. The good, staid, Presbyterian mission caravan, personally conducted, while slow, is quite safe and not at all uncomfortable. The average day's journey is twenty miles, although one day we made twenty-seven miles. This is as fast as the carriers can go with their loads. We left Batanga on Tuesday morning early and reached Loddorf Friday noon. One of the missionaries during our stay made this trip on a wheel in a day and a quarter. Each trip of this kind spells to the missionary "opportunity for service." At each town where we stopped for the night a service was held. There were times when the visitors from America were too weary to attend the service. Not so the missionary and the faithful Christian carriers, who were untiring in their efforts to preach the Gospel by the way.



The Path through the Forest was Often Very Beautiful.



The Way We Carry the Babies.

A MEMORABLE SERVICE.

One service stands out vividly in my memory. The day had been a long and trying one. The sun-baked, red clay road wearied both feet and

eyes. No friendly shade of overhanging tree to protect from the tropical sun. All day it seemed like "sacred high eternal noon" save for a few stretches of woods, and here the odor was like that of decaying cabbage. No such exhilaration as one feels in traveling in the Adirondacks or the

Maine woods where the fragrance of the spruce or pine or hemlock act as a tonic. No ozone. This day we met many a carrier struggling under his weary load, many a woman also bearing her heavy burden, and saddest of all, little children tramping along with their loads, anon resting them on some friendly rock or stump by the wayside, the oppressions of many generations seemingly writ large on their prematurely



At Bipinde—Half Way to Lolodorf.

old faces. The heart has been crushed out centuries of cruelty. The sight of these little children with their eyes cast down to the ground, not even looking up when we cheerily said "M'bolo," haunts me still. After the long day came the rest at the town, and the early evening meeting at which one of our native evangelists, N'denga, preached from John 3:16. The entire population of the town seemed to be present. Once and again the evangelist would stop in his fervid discourse and ask some pertinent question to make sure that they were following him. A low response would come from his auditors. A single lantern on a small table in front of our tent cast the only light on this strange scene, the people crowded near, and far back in the dim light one could see the expectant faces of weary men and women and children. How very quiet when the preacher ceased and poured out his soul in a prayer to God for a blessing on the spoken word. It seemed like New Testament times, "The people pressed upon Him to hear the word."

All along the way we found the people in town and village eager for the Word. Even at midday the head man of a town would ask the missionary to stop "that the Word might be preached." The first night we spent in a Mabeya town. On another day we were with the Bulu. The third day we saw many Yaundi coming from the interior, a tall, fine race of men, and not far from Lolodorf the Ngumba and men from the large Bene tribe who speak Bulu. Long before we reached Lolodorf we saw evidences of the spiritual work being done in this centre of missionary activity. On the third day near the noon-tide hour we rested at a small



N'denga.

town called Lam. Soon a group of school children sat down by us and exhibited with great delight school books which we found were those prepared by one of our Bulu missionaries and used in all of our town schools. Then the children brought out the Bulu hymn-book. We began to sing a familiar tune. These small friends of ours in this far away land, under the sheltering palm tree, joined us in this sweet song of Zion. We did not know them nor their language nor did they know us save that we belonged to the Mission.



Raw Heathenism.

At Lolodorf we learned the story of Lam. The work there was the result of two young men who had no direct connection with the Mission. A native Christian took the Gospel to this town. A few were converted. One day a delegation of three Christians from Lam waited on the missionary at Lolodorf and requested that a preacher be sent from Lolodorf to them and a school established. Up to this time no white missionary had ever visited Lam. In fact for more than fifteen months there had been no white missionary at Lolodorf, the work being entirely under the care of the native evangelist. The request of these native Christians was granted. A young convert was sent from Lolodorf to Lam as Philip long ago went down from Jerusalem to Samaria. The Christians at Lam, aided by the Christians at Lolodorf, paid the entire expense of the school and the salary of the evangelist. No money came from the Board. In the contributions of the Lam Christians were many motley and even pitiful objects, but all helped to make up the required amount and showed the depth of conviction of these young Christians. The head man (Buruk) was converted. I saw him at Lolodorf on the first Sunday of the year 1905. He and fifteen others had walked twenty-seven miles to attend

the service. He was a man of more than ordinary ability and his face was radiant with joy during the entire service. He evidenced his faith by his works. When converted he had five wives, one of whom was a Dwarf. He provided for each of these wives save one, which he kept. The Dwarf wife he gave to a Dwarf man who had no wife. In each case he refused to take money for the women, although all had cost him money and it was like parting with his fortune. Wives are money in Africa. This man gave up a good portion of his fortune when he sent away four of his five wives. The Dwarf wife became a Christian and is now in the inquiry class. The head man himself has done much evangelistic work and bids fair to become a great power for good among his own people. At a Sabbath afternoon service, held a few weeks before we passed through Lam, one hundred and fifty persons were present. This town may become a centre of Christian influence for all the regions round about.

As we journeyed toward Lolodorf, we passed a goodly number of Christians en route to church. They lived two days' journey from Lolodorf. On their backs they carried their food. The pace, as with Jacob's caravan of old, "was the pace of the child," for children were in their company. Most of these arrived Saturday noon in time for the prayer meeting held every Saturday afternoon by the native Christians as a preparation for the Lord's day. There must be some depth of conviction when people will walk from ten to thirty miles twice a month, carrying their own provisions, and all for the purpose of hearing the Word.

We also met native Christians doing itinerating work. It is the custom of the missionaries to send out on itinerating tours members of the catechetical class. This practice is a good one, since it trains the native Christian; it carries the Gospel to distant towns where the missionary cannot go, and it sows much Gospel seed. Only those in whom the missionary has confidence are thus sent out. We met some of these workers, their faces beaming with smiles as they saw the missionary and told of their joy of service. During school vacation last year three native Christians went of their own volition and at their own charges on an itinerating evangelistic tour. For three weeks they preached Christ and Him crucified.

One said that if he brought back all the fetishes he had gathered he would have had a great load. Another of these evangelists cut a notch on the long wooden toothbrush, such as natives use in Bululand, for each man who gave up his fetish. The toothbrush shows more than two hundred notches as a result of one itinerating tour. The



Road Between Lolodorf and Elat.



Buruk and Wife.

inquiry class at Lolodorf numbers more than three hundred. From this large number only a few are chosen to do the work of an evangelist. It speaks well for the type of Christian that any can be found who are willing and able to do this blessed work. It is well to remember that while Lolodorf has been established six years, there was at the time of my visit no organized church. Many had expressed a desire to confess Christ, but the missionary with wise conservatism deemed it best to keep them in the inquiry class until they were rooted and grounded in the truth.

The most conspicuous object as you approach Lolodorf from the west is Government Hill. It is a mass of red clay on the summit of which stand the government buildings. The view from Government Hill is one of the most beautiful in all the Mission. As you pass this hill you descend to the bridge which spans the Nlong River. A steep ascent brings you to the native town and passing this you are at the mission property.

The property is small, consisting only of twelve acres. One wonders how so great a work could have been carried on in so limited an area. The first building to attract attention is the palaver house. It is just within the grounds, facing the road. Like all the buildings at Lolodorf, it is of bark, a good sized structure, 50 x 24 feet, one single large room, where carriers going to the coast or returning can rest at any hour of the day or night. The carriers are permitted to eat their meals in the palaver house, but the refuse must be cleared away before they

Tooth
Brush.



View of Lolodorf from Government Hill.

leave. A great street chapel would be a proper name for this structure if it were in one of the populous cities of China. From January 5 to January 26, 1905, no less than 3,197 persons heard the Gospel in this palaver house. Carriers stop here who come from many days' journey

and represent many and varied African tribes. They do not always in their short stay live peaceably together. One night a cry came from the palaver house. We all rushed out to ascertain its cause. Two men had quarreled; both were badly injured; everybody was excited. Men with lighted torches were hastening hither and yon, all talking in excited



View from the Government Hill at Lolodorf is one of the Most Beautiful in all the Mission.

tones, and it seemed as if we were in the midst of an incipient riot. The missionary physician, however, soon restored quiet, the men were taken to the dispensary, their wounds dressed, and matters went on as before. It is no small task to keep in order great caravans of men, weary and irritable with their day's march. The palaver house costs time and patience, and some money, but I know of no single instrumentality in all the Mission that sends the light of the Gospel further afield than this.

Nearby is the dispensary, a small room in one of the two dwelling houses on the mission grounds, a busy place. Its patients come from far, many days' journey, to this haven of rest. I saw one poor woman who had carried a sick child four days and four nights in order to reach the blessed physician. Worn and haggard was her face. In her hand she brought two chickens (alive), as pay for the medicine. The medical missionary has no time to himself. I saw patients standing at the door of his home before seven in the morning. They came when we were at the noon-day meal. Their dusky faces were seen peering in the doorway when the stars were shining in the evening sky. Time is no element in the life of the African, he carries no watch. Patience is the crowning virtue required in the medical missionary, for pain and suffering admit of no rules. The weary traveler must be eased of his pains even though he comes at the most untimely hours.

The most prominent structure on the grounds at Lolodorf is the church. It is of bark, resting on posts some distance from the ground, requiring steps to ascend, has a plank floor and a goodly sized tower. Alas for the faith of the builders! We spent two Sundays at Lolodorf.

Both of the morning services had to be held out of doors, the church being entirely inadequate for the throngs of people who crowded to the service. On the first Sunday morning there were 1,033 persons present, and nearly as many on the second Sunday. A group of eager faces greeted me as I arose to preach the Gospel of the grace of God. It was a typical scene in the open air under the trees, a motley crowd, a few well dressed, many illly clad, all apparently deeply interested in the spoken Word.

In the afternoon we held a service for those who had confessed Christ. The service was held in the church. It was crowded. A sign "Standing Room Only" would hardly have been truthful. There was no space not occupied. After a brief talk, an opportunity was given to the people to ask questions. "How long after believing in Christ must one wait to be baptized?" This question has an added pertinency when it is remembered that no one had yet been baptized at Lolodorf. Another question: "How long was it after people accepted Christ before He allowed them to be baptized?" Still another: "Is it true that God gives the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" And one very pathetic question: "We need more teachers, we are so ignorant. Can you not send them to us?" We spent an hour in discussing purely spiritual matters. Then one young man arose. He was a bright lad with open countenance. One of the most encouraging signs at Lolodorf was the number of young men confessing Christ. This young man said: "We have not much to give, but thank you for coming. We want to thank the Christians in your land for what they have done in sending us this blessed Gospel." I suggested to the missionary who was interpreting for me that there might be others who wished me to bear their thanks to the Christians who had sent them the Gospel. He interpreted my words and then at once five hundred men, women and children arose. I saw twice five hundred hands stretched out toward me, twice five hundred eyes beamed thanks, and from many throats a mighty shout, such as I had not heard in Africa before, rent the air. A great torrent of feeling swept over the audience. It was wonderful! A dash of the old life of the forest, the old unrestrained emotion curbed and disciplined by the new life slowly awakening in their hearts. A trader in Africa once told me that a Negro had no gratitude. He was mistaken. My observation is limited, but as far as it goes I stoutly affirm that where the Gospel has



*Saturday Afternoon Meeting Conducted by Natives.
No Room Inside.*

touched the hearts of the Africans they show much gratitude.

Straws show which way the wind blows. The men at Lolodorf sometime since resolved that they would not sell their sisters and daughters in marriage, and that in no case would they take a dowry for a sister or daughter. This is a great step forward. The marriage customs of Africa are the most subtle foes with which the Gospel contends. Polygamy keeps more out of the church than all other influences combined.

This action of the men of Lolodorf, even if it takes long ere it is realized, means much. It means purity, it means family life, it means the basis of a Christian civilization.

It may seem strange to Christians at home that no church has yet



View of Service—January 1, 1905.

been organized, but the missionary knows the situation thoroughly. He is building for the future. An undue fondness for numbers brought a great king of ancient times into trouble. The craze for statistics is not helpful. I saw nothing in all my visit that pleased me more than the conservatism of our missionaries in baptizing converts. The Presbyterian Church in America can wait for tabulated statistics while such work as I viewed at Lolodorf is going on.

Lolodorf is a busy place. The store takes much time. The school each morning pre-empts the time and strength of most of the workers. There is no school building, the church is utilized for this purpose. Proper classification of scholars is almost impossible. I saw little boys with old men and women in the same class, all learning to read. It is no small task to direct such a class through the intricacies of the alphabet. Progress is often rapid. A lad who three years ago did not know how to read is to-day teaching a school in a native town some miles from Lolodorf. He has fifty-five in his class. In the report of the Batanga Station it was noted that some of the best scholars came from Lolodorf. The Lolodorf boy is pushing ahead. His faculties are sharp. Two Dwarf boys in the school one day saw some bees flying about. They came to the missionary and told him that honey was somewhere in the immediate vicinity. Permission was given to search, and they soon located the honey in a large tree on the mission property. They built a fire and made a fagot of a stick with pitch, covered over with large leaves. Then, after securing a long piece of string, one of these boys climbed the tree. The other lighted the fagot, and the string having been lowered

by the boy in the tree, the smoking firebrand was pulled up. It took two operations to smoke out the bees. Then a small bowl was tied to the string and reached the boy in the tree. It was soon filled with choice honey and let down. The faculties are all right even in the Dwarf,



Interior Lolodorf Church—Saturday Afternoon Meeting.

arm chair critics to the contrary notwithstanding. Lolodorf will yet show Dwarf lads preaching the Gospel to their fellow countrymen.

The work at Lolodorf was made possible by the generosity of a godly Scotch woman who desired to send the Gospel to the Dwarfs. A great work has been done at Lolodorf but not many Dwarfs have yet been reached. They dwell apart by themselves, the other tribes, either through prejudice or self interest, placing every obstacle possible in the way of the missionary reaching the Dwarfs.

A DAY AND A NIGHT IN A DWARF VILLAGE.

A visit to a Dwarf village was one of the most interesting of our African experiences. By diligent inquiry one of the trusted native Christians at Lolodorf learned of some twenty-one Dwarf villages within a few days' journey of the station. It was one of these villages, never before visited by a white man, in which we spent a day and a night. Our route lay by the new government road along Nlong river, and running northward into the interior. After a few miles of travel on the main highway we pressed into the forest. At the first town passed through we were told that there were no Dwarf villages in the direction in which we were going. This statement of the villagers was thoroughly characteristic. They wished to lead us astray. Our guide, however, pushed on and came to a village where he found a man who was willing, for a small consideration, to take us to the Dwarf village. We were soon in

the dense forest. The narrow footpath was at times almost invisible. Even at midday it seemed twilight. Ever and anon someone would cry out "Where is the path?" Great trees lay across our way. Underbrush was so thick that it had to be cut with the knife ere we could proceed. After some two hours our guide stopped and enjoined silence. His keen ear had detected the sound of wood chopping far away. He left us, and in a few moments returned with two Dwarfs. It was a strange meeting. We stood in the rude path in the forest across which only a few straggling rays of sunlight occasionally managed to find their way. Shadows were all about us. It was twilight at noonday. These children of the forest eyed us suspiciously. They are a timid race and have been much oppressed. In stature they are somewhat under five feet, in color a yellowish black, with foreheads retreating, mouth and chin protruding, the eye bright and keen, and the countenance pleasing and much more intelligent than I had expected to find. While the lower limbs seemed short and slender, the body was thick set with strong arms and general impression of fine muscular development. They had few ornaments. I noticed later one Dwarf with a bunch of black beads. Another had a string around his neck on which was a small antelope horn. This man was a rain doctor and this horn was rain medicine. At certain times of the year rain interferes with hunting, and the rain doctor is called upon to assist the hunters.

The only tattooing I saw was on the neck and arms, a series of irregular pyramids. It was most interesting to watch the two Dwarfs as they led the way to their village. Not a stick was broken by their stealthy tread. Hardly a leaf was moved as they pushed silently forward into



View of Service—January 1, 1905.

what seemed a pathless forest. Soon we were at the bank of a stream on the other side of which was the village of the Dwarfs.

I counted fourteen huts. They were not houses, only shelters. Two poles a few feet apart driven in the ground with a cross pole between and, from this cross pole other poles extending to the ground, the whole covered

with sticks and leaves. One end was enclosed, all the rest open. This is the home of the Dwarf. Built in a day it can be left in a night. A clearing of perhaps half an acre had been made in the forest about the banks of the stream and the huts were all within a hundred feet of the water.



Dwarf Hut.

Almost no articles were to be seen in the huts. Small beds made of bamboo, less than five feet long and about a foot from the ground, showed that the Dwarf was not insensible to some comfort. A bamboo bed is not at all uncomfortable. An inventory of all the articles seen in all the huts would include only a few crossbows and arrows with quiver, a small cooking pot, drum sticks to kindle fires, monkey steaks, a little native grass cloth and a quantity of cassava and plantains.

It is said that for fear of robbers the Dwarf buries his treasure in the woods. When we entered the village not a woman or child was to be seen. All had fled at our approach. Later in the day, when confidence was restored, they all returned. One hut much smaller than the others attracted my attention. In it was a Dwarf, a man in middle life, who was in a heap in one corner. He was a victim of an ulcerous disease, very prevalent among the Africans, known as yaws. He was a most loathsome bundle of humanity, his eyes nearly gone, his nose so badly eaten away with disease that it was possible to see into the throat, his entire face disfigured. I have seen wretchedness in the slums of New York, I have looked into the faces of London's outcasts, I have seen battered humanity in the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, I have passed with a shudder lepers at the gate at Jerusalem, or along the highway of Samaria, or at the ancient city of Damascus, but I never saw a more wretched, sad, forlorn, utterly hopeless son of Adam than this poor sufferer in the Dwarf village of Africa. His father and mother and brother lived in huts nearby. The brother promised to go to the Mission station and get medicine which the medical missionary declared would ease the pain of the sufferer, but could not cure. The Dwarf knows little or nothing of medical science. Our trip to this village we felt would not be in vain if this one sufferer could be afforded even temporary relief. The little baby in the head man's hut was a wee bit of yellow and black, unhampered with garments of any sort, but with a lusty voice out of all proportion to his size. He made the welkin ring as the white stranger peered into his little face.



Bush Path Leading to Dwarf Village. Where is the Path?

It did not take us long to get on friendly terms with our little friends. Seated around the fire, for it was chilly, the head man asked through the interpreter the white man's word for fire. We then gave him a box of matches, having first lit one. A present of a twenty dollar gold piece to a beggar would not have been more acceptable. On asking him "How do you make fire?" he motioned to one of his men, and two sticks were at once brought, one about a foot and a half long, the other not more than a foot. The shorter stick had a round hole near the end. The larger stick had a rounded point which fitted into the hole. He laid the shorter stick on the ground with the hole turned upward. He

placed very near it a small bit of the dry bark of a tree used by squirrels for making nests. Then taking the other stick in his hand he placed the rounded stick in the hole and twirled it with great rapidity, another man assisting by continually forcing down the top of the stick in the hole. In less than a minute by the watch, he had kindled a fire. In the Dwarf land we seemed to be very near nature's heart, back to primitive times.

In the head man's hut we had noticed a small parcel done up in a plantain leaf. This was now brought out, the leaf opened and the head man putting in his finger took out some honey which he ate. The bundle was a mass of wild honey, and it was passed to each one of us. We should have expected this bit of old time courtesy in a cultured Greek or a learned Roman, but I was hardly prepared to see such politeness in a rude ignorant Dwarf who had not even the semblance of culture. Having once tasted this honey we were now his guests as much as though we had eaten salt with the most courtly of Orientals. A juicy bit of monkey steak was offered us, but we declined, saying that we had much meat, and in proof thereof, gave to our genial host a tin of roast beef.

A few moments before six o'clock we held a short service. Thirty-two men and women and children gathered about the head man's hut. Darkness comes quickly in the tropics. There is little twilight anywhere, and in the heart of the forest none at all. We had barely finished singing the opening hymn when darkness fell like a curtain. A lad, very small, with a most attractive face, who stood at the outskirts of the little group, said, as the darkness came, "The night is here, I must go," and he went to his humble home. As I looked into the faces about me lighted by the flickering light of the fire, it seemed to me alas, too true, "The night is here," but the faint light was also there. Close attention was given to the missionary preacher, who spoke in Bulu; then to the interpreter who translated his words into Ngumba, many of the Dwarfs knowing something of both these languages. *Even in the Dwarf village they listened*



A Group of Dwarfs. Note Hut, a Shelter, Not a Home.

eagerly to the words of the preacher. On inquiry next morning, we ascertained that the Dwarfs had never heard before the story of the Cross. When asked this question, the pathetic answer was, "We have been told that the white man's Saviour was killed by our ancestors, the Dwarfs, and in revenge the white man has come to Africa to slay us." Man's inhumanity to man here finds its acme of cruelty. Human malice could hardly contrive anything more devilish.

These little people were most intent in watching everything we did. The blowing up of an air pillow excited their unbounded curiosity. All



There was an Old Man with Gray Hair and Most Kindly Face. His Two Sons with their Families Lived Near Him.

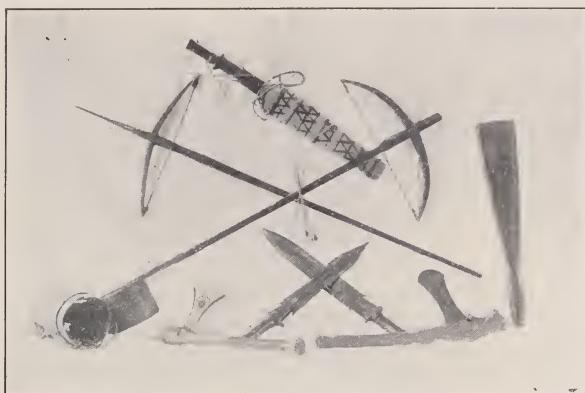
had to examine the pillow, feel the air against their cheeks as we opened the valve and see to what use this curious article was to be placed.

It is the custom of all African tribes on moonlight nights to engage in sport. Drum beating and dancing constitute the chief features in the African's night play. It was a strange scene we witnessed that night. The stars shed some light through the tops of the tall cottonwood and mahogany trees which stood near the head man's hut. Two torches made of pitch taken from the mahogany tree and neatly bound with bush rope shed a dim light sufficient to enable us to distinguish faces. All the players were women. Between two trees sat two small women. One had a cutlass in each hand which she beat in perfect time. The woman next her clapped her hands with rhythmic regularity. Beyond the tree was another woman with a small drum which she thumped thumped, thumped with her fingers in regular time. The drum was small, made of red wood, the top covered with an antelope skin. The next woman had four sticks, in front of her a long heavy bit of timber upon which she let the sticks descend with great rapidity, but apparently keeping time with the rest. Next her was a woman with two sticks which she beat alternately, while at the extreme end was another woman thumping a drum. She seemed to be the leader whom all followed. A low song with a peculiar refrain was sung all the time. At intervals, apparently at the end of a measure or some pause (*selah*), the sound would burst out with renewed vigor; weird music the like of which I

have never heard. It seemed to partake of the wildness of the forest, the call of the bird to its mate, the deep roar of the lion, the trumpet tone of the elephant or the hoarse wind sweeping through the trees. Even in the dance which followed, men being the only dancers, there was nothing objectionable. It was the playtime of these far-away people whose amusements are none too many. In an hour all was quiet save for the many and varied noises with which the African forest abounds.

The Dwarf is a hunter. No sign of garden, no implements of husbandry, no evidences of agriculture. His bow and arrow are uniquely constructed and he knows the value of poison. One of the Dwarfs showed me a bottle of "strophanthus" leaves, the poison commonly used by most of the tribes on the West Coast. I asked the head man if he had ever shot a gorilla. He said no and that he had never seen one save when a boy, and then with a merry twinkle in his eye he told me what is probably a folk-lore story, for I heard it often. A boy met a gorilla in the woods. The gorilla bowed, so did the boy; grunted, so did the boy; swayed his body first to the right then to the left, the boy imitating closely. All the time the gorilla was coming nearer the boy and the boy gradually retreating. Finally the boy came to the hollow trunk of a tree into which he crawled. The tree was too small to admit the gorilla, so the boy escaped. Humor is the saving quality in the mad rush of twentieth century life. The Dwarf seems to possess a bit of saving humor. They are a strange people. There is a tradition among them that once in hunting elephants their ancestors went as far as the Campo River. Then this river was followed to the sea and word was brought back to the people of the distant interior of the great and broad ocean. This tradition is common among the Dwarfs near Lolo-dorf. I also heard it at Batanga, eighty miles away at the sea coast.

We gained the hearts of these people by kindness. The whole village came to the river to speed us on our journey. The head man promised to send some boys to the school. There was one old man with gray hair and kindly face who even shed tears as we parted from him. The Dwarf has a heart. It will be no easy task to reach these people. They are timid; they are nomads; they are apparently under some sort of servitude to the larger tribes. I know not whether the Dwarf is to be placed below the Bushmen, the Hottentot, or the Pigmy, but I am confident that patience, perseverance, sympathy and Christian love will bring the lowest of Africa's children into the household of faith. No great results have yet been achieved. The Ngumba will have to be reached before many of the Dwarfs come to the Mission. On my way to Africa I met two of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society en route to Hausaland. At Lagos two Hausa men boarded the steamer. They



Native Knives, Cross Bows, Machete, etc.

were fine specimens of manhood. In their countenance I seemed to detect traces of noble ancestry. They presented a most picturesque appearance with their large high hats, loose flowing robes and embroidered sandals. The Church Missionary Society has been at work among the Hausas for six years. They have but two converts and no inquirers. We have been at work among the Dwarfs for six years and have six converts and a few inquirers. The Hausa is one of the noblest of African races as the Dwarf is one of the lowest. The spiritual husbandman must wait long in Africa for the precious fruits of the earth.

The same vessel which took us to Africa carried a large package of Bulu Gospels. These were sold to the people, the entire supply being exhausted by the time of the writing of these lines. No blowing of trumpets, the work of the translator, but it tells immensely among a people who are literally without any literature. The paucity of books in Bulu shows how new and how important is the work of the translator in the interior stations where Bulu is the main language spoken. While at Efulen the first Bulu hand-book came from the press. It was prepared by the Rev. George L. Bates, formerly a Congregational missionary, the vocabulary being furnished by Dr. Silas F. Johnson of Efulen. Text-books are specially needed for training the native workers. At the meeting with the inquirers, more than two hundred and fifty adults being present, six bright young men were pointed out to me as possible candidates for the ministry. If character is to be read in the face these young men certainly possess the qualities needed in a native evangelist.

One afternoon a group of young men came to interview me. One of them could speak English and he interpreted for the rest. Here is a part of the conversation. One desired to be a colporter; another wished to study medicine; a third who was an evangelist desired to learn to play the organ in order that he might use it in his itinerating trips. A fourth asked if the grandchildren of those who first believed in Christ were alive, and a fifth if Jerusalem was still in existence and if I had seen it. These questions show better than any words of mine how the truth is working. These "bush people," as they are commonly called, are awakening.

The present Lolodorf Station is small. It is proposed to make it an out-station and to establish a new station some three and a half miles to the west. I visited this proposed site. Here are two hundred acres well located on the main road and bounded on the west by a new road which



Road to the New Station.

leads into the far interior, over which thousands of carriers pass every month. A palaver house on this road would duplicate the work now being done in the palaver house at Lolodorf. The old station will be retained and the new one can be made a strategic base of operation for the vast tribes of the interior who are still un-evangelized. A more hopeful outlook it would be hard to find than that presented in the entire field at Lolodorf.



Mission Residence—Elat. Note fine lemon grass hedge.

station was on a hill and from a military view most valuable. The Government dealt in perfect fairness with the Mission, paying for the property and assisting in securing the new site. Never was a change more beneficial. The new Elat is much superior to the old. The station is some two miles from the large town, Ebolowo'e, and one hundred and seventeen miles as the crow flies from Batanga, on the sea coast. The mission property is admirably located, on rising ground, well removed from any large native town, abundantly supplied with springs of clear water, and having a soil apparently capable of producing every variety of fruit and vegetable indigenous to Africa. It is scarcely three years since the first clearing was made. Yet more than half of the land has been cleared. There are two hundred fruit bearing trees on the property, fifteen acres of plantains and bananas, one acre of pineapples, ten acres of palm trees, sweet potatoes in great profusion, and Irish potatoes in quantities sufficient to supply the station, to sell to government officials, and to send to the other interior stations of the Mission. The dwelling houses are all at the western end of the property and a good distance from the main road used by travelers. Sites have been reserved for additional residences as they may be needed. Well laid paths, bounded on either side by luxuriant hedges of lemon grass, run from the central dwelling house in all directions. The missionary can in a few moments, traveling over these splendid roads on his wheel, reach every portion of this vast estate. A small wagon is owned by the Mission and is found to be very helpful because of these excellent highways extending through the property.

Elat is the place chosen by the Mission for its great industrial centre and it is well chosen. The word industrial in this case includes agricul-



Wireless Telegraphy The Drum.

ture, carpentry and raising of cattle. One of the best built structures I saw at any station was the leopard-proof house at Elat. This house shelters sheep, goats, pigs and cattle. The policy of the Mission includes the raising of sheep and cattle as a part of the industrial work. Fifteen



Mission Girls on Efulen Hill.

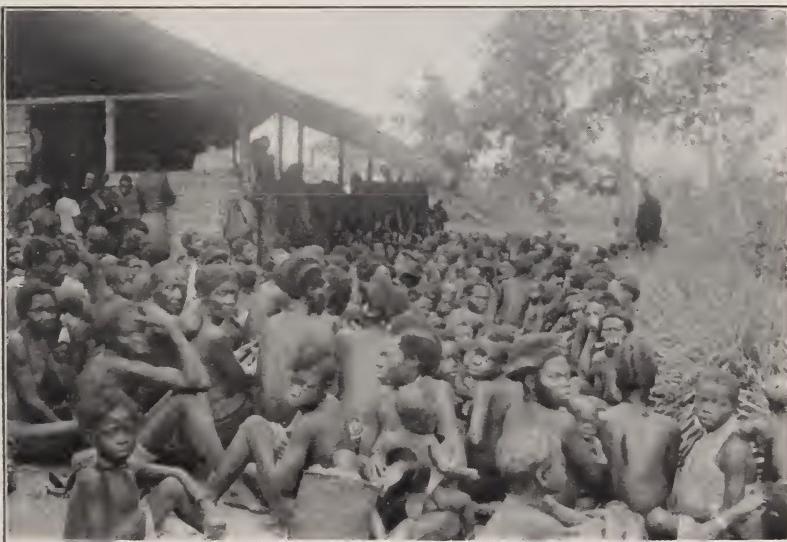
acres are already enclosed as a cattle pen. The native African, while excessively fond of meat, has thus far been unable to successfully raise cattle. Elat will be an object lesson to all the Bulu. This very leopard-proof house is a forceful illustration of what the African can himself do to defend his sheep and cattle against one of the worst foes with which he has to contend. While it is true that the structure was designed and built under the direction of the missionary, yet the work was done entirely by the natives. The African imitates closely. A three-roomed house erected on the mission property was first visited by a number of men of importance from the nearby towns and then *imitated*. Once awaken in the heart of the African a desire for better things and development will follow. The beautiful Kamerun stools, made out of one piece of wood with very indifferent tools, show what the African can accomplish as a mechanic. A few days before our visit a leopard carried off a tame chimpanzee belonging to one of the missionaries. The chimpanzee was taken off the back porch of the Mission house, but Mr. Leopard found it impossible to break through the stout, well-built log house under whose protecting shelter were many sheep and goats.

The school boys are making rapid progress in carpentry. The new church now in process of erection is to be built entirely by their labors. The boys have been taught by the missionary to select the proper trees, fell them, and by the use of rather a rough saw to cut them into timbers suitable for building. The scholars have cleared and planted many acres of the property. During the spring of 1905 the boys planted ten thousand seeds of the *Kicksia* rubber tree. The entire cost per scholar for books, supplies and food for eight months is less than \$4.00. In a few years all the food supply necessary for the six hundred boys will easily be raised on the place. I know not where in the world \$4.00 can

be invested and bring larger returns than in the support of these lads at the Elat school.

It has been well said "the black man, though so strong in body and so unaspiring in ideals, has as a rule a strong objection to continuous agricultural labor." A few weeks' labor will furnish him food for many months. The men prefer to fight, hunt, fish, tend cattle and loaf. The African merely scratches the soil with his rude hoe and puts in his corn, after having soaked it in water to hasten its growth. A small community of a thousand can clear the land and grow enough yams to keep them. If the community increases they need only to clear more land. The school boy is taught how to dig and plant properly. He sees the benefit of such labor in the larger and fuller ears of corn. When he comes to his town after even only a single term at school he is a bunch of new ideas. The improved conditions of the gardens often are a tell-tale revelation of the presence of a mission boy.

It is still the day of small things. The African is slow to change the customs of his ancestors, social, religious or agricultural. The only hope is to plant new ideas which will create new wants. The school is a mighty weapon in the hands of the missionary in breaking down caste barriers which are as firm and strong as with the Hindu. The total enrollment last year in the Elat school was three hundred and thirty-six. Fifty boys living in towns four days distant were told to stay in their towns and fifty were sent away entirely. One hundred and eighty new scholars in the primary class were placed in charge of one woman at the opening of the session. I have heard one of the principals in a public school in New York City declare that eighty boys nearly drove her to distraction. Add one hundred



Church Service—Elat, Sunday, January 15. Half of them outside the building.

to this number and you have a class in the Elat school. I saw the school in session. "Order, attention, diligence" were notes which I made after two hours' close observation of that school, from the work of the beginners on rude charts to the highest class reading from Foster's

Story of the Bible. Be it remembered that no lad receives a free education, that last year two hundred and fifty boarding pupils worked seventeen hours a week in payment of food, and two hours for tuition; that the day scholars also paid a small sum in cash; that these day scholars walked some of them three miles, some six miles each day in order to get an education; that these scholars came from eighty-eight towns, representing eighteen different tribes, and that by a simple announcement more scholars could be enrolled on the first day of the new term than could be accommodated. It is remarkable the interest the boys show. After getting only a taste of knowledge they go home and organize small schools in their own towns. One boy last year organized such a school in his own town at his own expense. The station is encouraging the organization of these town schools as it relieves the congestion of the mission school. Of course, only the merest rudiments are taught by these boys in any of the town schools, but enough to give the boys a start and relieve the teacher in the main school. The magnificent property at Elat makes this great school work possible and gives assurance that for years to come the missionary will be able to meet the ever increasing demands on the part of the Bulu for the education of his child.

The church work seems to be on an equally large plan. It was my privilege to be at Elat on Foreign Mission Sunday, a day long to be remembered. At six o'clock in the morning of the Sunday we were privileged to spend at Elat the great drum sounded out the "first call"



1,583 at Church Service—Elat, Sunday, January 15. Half of them outside the building.

for church. The Africa drum is a unique feature of African life. The Elat drum is placed on a platform some twenty feet from the ground. When properly beaten, it can be heard for twenty miles. The drum is the wireless telegraphy of Africa. By means of it the African commun-

cates all sorts of intelligence to distant places and keeps in touch with events far removed from his own town. The drum formerly used in war, now by leaders of caravans, consists of two metal tubes joined together by a firm handle. The dance drum is often large and, when skillfully



A Mission Offering.

beaten, affords excellent dance music. The drum which we obtained among the Dwarfs was small, but made precisely like the other drums. The drum Sunday morning simply said, "All people come to worship at Elat." The sound was repeated at seven, at eight and at nine o'clock. Every native who heard the drum for miles around knew the sound as accurately as if a trusty messenger brought the word. By nine o'clock every seat in the Elat school house (the church was blown down a few months ago) was taken, and willing hands brought planks to place outside where the worshipers could sit and hear and see the preacher. At nine-thirty, fifteen hundred and thirty-one persons, by actual count, were within sound of the sweet Gospel hymn with which the service opened.

It was a strange audience which greeted the preacher as he arose to tell the "old, old story." Every face bore evidence of interest, every eye was fastened on the speaker, and a more orderly, attentive congregation it would be hard to find anywhere in the world.

It was Foreign Mission Day and the preacher's theme was "The Widow's Mite." During the sermon he used a forceful object lesson. The measure of value in this part of Africa is the "kank." The kank is a stick of cassava, about fourteen inches long and an inch thick, done up in a plantain leaf. The cassava is a tuber, the root of a plant much thought of by the natives. The root is dug up and soaked in water for many days in order to remove certain deleterious ingredients. It is then crushed and beaten very small, when after a thorough washing it is wrapped in plantain leaves and is ready for use. From one variety of this cassava root comes the tapioca of commerce. The boys at the boarding-school at Elat are paid one cent an hour for working in the gardens. The pavement is made with one stick of cassava.

The preacher took a stick of cassava ("kank"), cut it in twain, then cut one-half again in twain, and then cut the half of the half, and held up the small piece as illustrative of the amount given by the poor widow. The audience watched and listened attentively, and then gave vent to their suppressed feeling in one great "ugh, ugh, ugh." It was evident the point was understood and appreciated.

The great event of the morning was the offering. It was taken at the close of the service. A platform had been erected near the entrance and the people were bidden to bring their gifts to the platform where the native elders stood ready to receive them. With much eagerness the crowd pressed forward. Old women with wrinkled faces brought their kank, or bundles of peanuts, done up in plantain leaves; young women, whose apparel consisted of a plantain leaf in front tied by a bit of bush rope to a bustle behind, brought wooden bowls or safety pins or spools of thread; young men came with their gifts of fish hooks or sugar canes or cash (German marks), while men old and young brought matches, gun flints, baskets, etc. Nearly all the gifts were brought in plantain leaves. It took a good-sized wheelbarrow to carry away the plantain leaves after all the bundles had been opened.

More than five hundred separate offerings were given. Here is a list of articles handed in at this offering for foreign missions. It is well to note that a few kank constitute a fair day's wage for a full grown African man and that the great majority of these fellow Christians of ours in Bululand are very poor. I have yet to see a Bulu house with either a chair, table or lamp. It means something for these poor people to bring an offering for foreign missions. This is the list:

6	" "kanks" micaba	2	gun flints
269	" peanuts	4	yams
57	" plantains (7 to 1 kank)	4	sugar canes
147	" ngnon seed—much prized	16	agate buttons
27	" cassava	1	string beads
15	plain baskets	1	monkey's tooth—used as ornament, much esteemed
1	peanut basket	3	needles
2	wooden bowls	1	small fish—much valued
15	boxes matches	2	fish hooks
1	pencil	1	German silver ring
1	bottle pomade	1	brass ring
1	bar soap	357	checks—given for work, equal one kank each
1	bottle hair oil	25	marks—cash
1	aluminum comb	8	cutlasses, small
25	native spoons	1	cutlass, large
2	ebony hair pins	2	four yard cloths
106	tin spoons	1	plate
1	" dessert spoon	9	eggs
1	" table spoon	1	bottle—used for medicine
1	package fish hooks	1	quart small egg plants
1	fish hook—tied in plantain leaf	5	squashes
1	safety pin—tied in plantain leaf	3	bundles shelled peanuts
8	safety pins	7	chickens—alive
1	file		
1	spool thread		



The people were fully informed that their gifts would be used in sending the Gospel to other lands than Africa. It is a long step from the raw heathenism of the average Bulu to the high grade type of Christian evidenced in the Elat church on Foreign Mission Day.

On Monday afternoon there was a gathering of more than five hundred persons. Only those were invited who were Christians or had expressed a desire to become such. At the close of the service the pas-

tor proposed that the people should build a new church. The elder, a short, thick-set Bulu, who wore a small shirt, a rough belt and tan trousers reaching only to his knees, no shoes or stockings or aught else, arose, and in an impassioned speech urged the Christians to rebuild the "House of the Lord." He electrified the audience and with one accord they agreed "to rise and build." The pastor assured me that they will keep their word. At present there are only sixteen members of the Elat church, but the "nsamba" or "company who wish to follow Jesus" is very large.

On the Friday preceding Foreign Mission Day the Elat school closed and there was a grand wrestling match. The "drum" was beaten all day and it said, "Great wrestling match." Only one hundred and fifty were present. It was good wrestling too, and wrestling is to the African what football is to the average American college youth. The people showed great interest. Each tribe cheered its champion as he went from group to group

challenging a combatant from some other tribe. There was deep silence when the wrestling began and perfect stillness as the two wrestlers engaged in tight embrace and struggled fiercely while their tensely drawn muscles stood out like whipcords; and when one threw his opponent his fellow tribesmen rushed in with the happy abandon so familiar on the foot-ball field. The African enjoys this sport, yet this day only a small number were present. The boys were eager, school having closed, to reach their homes and tell what they had learned during their long school term. At the last Yale-Princeton foot-ball match there were thirty thousand people present. Something is wrong with the African when only one hundred and fifty come to a wrestling (foot-ball) match, and fifteen hundred attend a church service knowing there is to be an offering taken for foreign missions. It is evident that it will take *at least a generation* to train Africans to the high athletic standard prevailing in many of our American colleges. Possibly, however, the Bulu Christians at Elat might give some American churches a hint on how to awaken enthusiasm for foreign missions.

This particular Sunday was an exceptional day. Yet the other days of the week seemed to be equally suggestive. Two of the missionaries who teach in the school during the mornings spend two or three afternoons each week holding meetings in the towns from one and a half to three miles from the station. Two hundred and twenty-five such meetings were held last year. During our visit at one such meeting seventy per-



Hospital—Elat.

sons were present. The inquirers' class now numbers more than three hundred. As the missionary pastor said, "It is larger than can well be handled by one man." The Mission at its last meeting did well in voting to establish at the Elat Station a training school for Christian workers.



The Challenge.



The Start.

German in the school, took a number of the boys for a day's outing. They came to a deserted town. The town was deserted because the government had made a requisition for eight hundred men to be sent to Duala. The men of this town, fearing they would be impressed in this service, fled to the interior, and the town was completely deserted saving one old woman who was left in a miserable hut. The outing party found her at the point of death. The poor old soul imagined that they were about to carry her out and cast her into the river, a practice even now not uncommon in that dark land. People who are aged or infirm are not of much service in a Bulu village. Instead of this the boys, at the suggestion of the missionary, carried this poor soul several miles to the Mission hospital. I saw her

The Church at home will never be able to send out laborers sufficient to care for these babes in Christ, much less to seek and to save the uncounted millions who have not yet heard the Gospel.

The Bulu Christian is not "ashamed to own his Lord or to defend his cause." Two of the school boys became soldiers in the army. On the Sunday of our visit these two came to the afternoon service, bringing three of their fellow soldiers with them. The soldier in Africa has much power and can easily become an oppressor of the people, or, if he is a Christian, a great help to the cause of evangelization. It meant much to me that these Christian boys were willing, not merely to come themselves for an hour's Bible study and to confess Christ, but also to seek to help their companions in the same blessed way.

The spirit of these people is most commendable. During the Christmas holidays the medical missionary, who is also instructor in

there being cared for by the physician and native assistants as tenderly as though she had been in one of the best hospitals in our own Christian land. This was the parable of the good Samaritan realized in action.

A mission station is a school of applied Christianity. I wish the half-hearted Christians in our home churches could spend a week in Loldorf, Elat or Efulen, studying the mission problem. One afternoon I walked with the medical missionary through a large town en route to the government station. We were to call upon the government official. He treated us very courteously and the call was pleasant, but I was much more interested in what I saw going and coming. In this large town from nearly every house, on both sides of the street, as we passed, came joyful greetings in which I could always distinguish the word "doctor." On inquiry I learned in each case, "Oh, we have had patients in that house." One poor old man whom we saw could hardly believe that Jesus Christ would save him. He had been very ill. The doctor had relieved him of his bodily suffering and meanwhile was pointing him to the Saviour of his soul. "What," said the patient, "will he save an old sick slave who has nothing to offer but a misspent life?" I was pleased with the appearance of this man and can believe what the doctor said as we walked away: "He is now living a Christian life so far as I can judge from all outward indications."

The head man of this town where this work of grace had been accomplished has twenty-four wives. His sons are nearly as well supplied. The horrible tale of a single night's licentiousness in that town cannot be told. The dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty and iniquity, yet out of this mire of sin grows the white flower of a beautiful life.

The atmosphere of Elat outside of the Mission is still most corrupt. Some years ago the medical missionary took to his home from



A False Throw.



And it was good wrestling, too.

a neighboring town a bright young girl of eight years. Her father had given her in marriage when very young, a mere babe, to an old chief. He needed money and the chief was willing to add one more to the number of his wives. At the time of his death he owned sixty wives. The oldest son of the chief, the father being dead, now claimed this young girl who had reached the age of fifteen. By Bulu law she must be given to him unless the physician was willing to pay what was equivalent to \$400. The girl had been under instruction in the school and in the home. She could read and write and was a sincere Christian. She simply refused to follow the customs of her race and said that if the law was enforced she would flee to the woods. The missionary is powerless in such cases. The government will not interfere. One stands aghast at the difficulties of changing a civilization where woman is so abased. Girls are married by their fathers every year to old men because the father needs the money which can thus be obtained. In this particular instance the only hope for the young girl is that the missionary physician, because of cures which he has wrought in the town of this chief, may be able to free her.

I saw sick men and women with loathsome, ulcerous bodies stand for hours at the door of the missionary's home and wait their turn to be treated. In some cases they journeyed not less than six days. No missionary of the Board has been further inland than eight days' journey from Elat. All along the way, however, in towns remote the missionaries of the Board find a most hospitable welcome because of the work of the medical missionary which has preceded them. The medical missionary opens the way for the evangelist. The wide field that is thrown open from Elat makes imperative the request of the Mission that a new station should be opened in the far distant interior. No doubt we have the confidence of the Bulu people and of the Ntum people and of other allied tribes dwelling long distances from the Lolodorf, Elat and Efulen stations. The Bulu sees that the missionary has come to Africa for a far different purpose than that which actuates the trader or soldier or traveler. No social settlement in the world has a more loyal constituency than that to be found around our Mission stations in Bululand. The Bulu Christian has a most expressive way of stating that he is at peace. "My heart sits down" is his word. The heart of the Bulu "sits down" when he sees the missionary.



View from Efulen Hill.

The road leading to Elat from Lolodorf and from Elat to Efulen is very beautiful. It is at times cut through the solid rock on a slope of the hill with a fair valley beneath. The forest growth is most luxuriant. The tall duma tree, straight as an arrow, or the beautiful ayos, branchless

for many feet from the ground, or the great bearbau with its massive trunk thrown out like the huge buttresses of York Cathedral, or the fine redwoods, all so intertwined with vines that the sunlight fails to get through save for a few hours in the day, make this trip, most delightful. I measured



House in Which Dr. Good Died—Efulen.

roughly one huge vine. It was not less than a hundred feet long and stretching from one great tree directly across the path found a resting place on three or four trees, and then shot down like some huge snake to the earth.

Efulen is on a hill top two thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by lofty hills, cloud capped and forest clothed. The view from Efulen hill is superb. The station is on the summit. The mission buildings, as you see them from the foot of the hill, give the impression of being greatly crowded, an impression which is deepened on closer inspection. The sides of the hill are, however, being cleared and room will soon be afforded for the various new buildings which the ever growing wants of the station require. Efulen is the oldest of the interior stations, being established in 1892. At Efulen is the grave of Adolphus Good.

"Place a flower on Good's grave for me when you reach Africa. He was a classmate of mine in the seminary, and a royal fellow he was." So spoke a ministerial friend as we left America for Africa.

This parting request was literally obeyed. One bright morning we laid the fair lily and the lovely hibiscus on the grave at Efulen Hill near the stone which bears the inscription:—

REV. A. C. GOOD
CAME TO AFRICA NOV. 21, 1882
ENTERED INTO REST DEC. 13, 1894
AGE, 38 YEARS
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH
ERECTED IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE BY
TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

When Dr. Good returned from his long four hundred mile trip to the east and southeast of Efulen he was in the grip of the dreaded black water fever. In two hours his poor brain gave way and delirium set in which ended only with his death.

His work abides. Efulen Hill is crowded with buildings, residences of missionaries, a school, a church (erected by the gifts of the people),

a hospital, a dispensary and many rude houses for the hundreds of scholars in the large boarding school of the mission. In a trip made last Fall to the Ntum people—a tribe Dr. Good himself visited—a missionary secured not less than seventy Ntum boys for the school at Efulen.

On the Sunday morning that it was our privilege to spend on the hill made sacred by the death of Good, more than eight hundred persons crowded the "House of the Lord" and listened with apparent eagerness to the Word of the Lord. In the afternoon two hundred young men conducted a prayer meeting in which not a moment was lost in waiting for "some brother to rise and speak." Everything was done in good taste, no boisterous outburst in song or speech, but as dignified and decorous a gathering as could be found in the best conducted prayer meeting in one of our city churches in the homeland.

At the inquirers' meeting on Monday more than two hundred and fifty men and women were present. One old woman came twenty-five miles, another twenty, several came twelve and fifteen miles. In the front row sat "Nana," one of Dr. Good's first converts. Her face evidenced the Gospel which for years had been hidden in her heart.

Good's first tour of exploration into the interior began in 1892. It was on this tour that he selected Nkonemekak, called by the natives Efulen, as a possible site for a mission station.

Good's monuments are everywhere visible. In the church portions of the Bulu Bible and hymn-book attest the tireless industry of this great African missionary. He prepared the first Bulu primer, laid the foundation for the first dictionary, and made all missionaries to the Bulu his debtors by his diligent studies in the language of this great people.

At Elat we were shown a tomato called by the natives "Ngoto." These tomatoes are found in great numbers in towns scattered along the

route traversed by Dr. Good. He gave to the natives the tomato plants and they called the tomato "Ngoto," which is a corruption of Good.

On Dr. Good's first trip into the interior from Batanga he encamped on a hill near a town. We stopped at this town and found that its name was "Nkol Ntangan" or "White Man's Hill," in honor of the encampment long ago of Dr. Good. He won the favor of

the people wherever he went and the natives were quick to appreciate his kindness of heart and genuine interest in the "Souls of Black Folk."

At the "Bilobi" river, a great stream which must be crossed on the way from Batanga to Efulen, the only bridge is a monster tree felled



Mission Residence—Efulen.

by the hand of Dr. Good and named in consequence after him. There is now a fairly good road to Efulen from Batanga, well open to the sunlight. In Dr. Good's day it was hardly more than a path, and for miles he traveled without seeing a bit of clear sunlight. He was a pioneer.

Efulen is a city set on a hill. No better evidence of the interest of the people in things missionary than the numbers seen at Efulen morning, noon and night, Sundays and week days. They come for various reasons, to visit the physician, to trade at the store, to bring children to school, to have palavers settled, to hear the Word of God, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The patience of the missionary, especially in settling palavers, was a constant source of wonder to me at all the stations. I attended one of the palavers at Efulen. A poor woman was the subject of the palaver. Her husband had cast her off and taken another wife. Both were members of the inquiry class. He was, of course, at once suspended. The woman had been given to this man by an old chief. By Bulu law she must return to the town and be subject to the old chief. The chief would at once give her to a younger man to cook his food, tend his garden, wait on him as a slave, only to be cast away as soon as he obtained money enough, which she must earn, to enable him to procure a younger wife. This is Bulu law. The question before us was, must she obey the Bulu law and return to her town. We held the palaver on the stoop of the mission house; the crowd stood all about us as this poor sister in Christ, true and faithful and loyal to her church and her Lord, stood and told her sad story. The German Government refuses to interfere with the marriage customs of the land. "What can be done for me?" This was her question. This was the query I read in thousands of care-worn faces. Her case is typical. Only by a slow growth will a public opinion be created sufficient to right these wrongs of African womanhood.

One morning an old man from the far away Ntum country came into the house. He was seeking his wife, a young girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age, one of the pupils of the Mission school. I asked him "How many wives have you?" He replied, "Four." His face was not unkind. He seemed to be a man with some gentle ways. The missionary by kindly word persuaded him to leave the girl at the school for another term. It was evident, however, that he owned her, that she was his slave and must obey him implicitly. This girl when a mere babe was given by her father to this old chief, whom she has rarely seen and for whom she has not the slightest esteem, love or affection. How can you plant the Gospel in such soul? The girls' school is not large here or in any of the stations. It is most difficult to secure girls for the schools. Every one of the twenty or twenty-five girls show in their faces the beneficial effect of the Christian training they have received. At any moment, however, the father or brother or so-called husband can claim the girl and she must go.

The Ntum wear a peculiar headdress made of beads and cloth, curiously interwoven. In appearance it is not unlike an old Greek helmet. The Bulu men and women wear neck rings of brass, ivory bracelets and anklets consisting of shells or nuts.

There are *some* bright hours in the life of an African woman but polygamy casts its baneful shadow over every home. After weighing carefully all the arguments in favor of African polygamy I am sat-

isfied that it is the greatest barrier, not merely to the introduction of the Gospel, but to the progress of the race. The missionaries are unanimous in their refusal to admit into the Church those living in polygamous relations. This works hardship at times. The innocent suffer with the guilty, but I believe it is wise.

A large group of Ntum boys interested us greatly. We were at Efulen in January. These boys, when brought to the station the previous Fall, seemed a forlorn lot, footsore and weary. Now, cleansed, clothed, happy, they were living witnesses of what a few months' contact with the white missionary will do for the bush boy. The scholars longer in school showed even more improvement. The recitation of the class in German to which I listened would have pleased the most captious of German officials. The dormitories where the boys live are mere bark sheds with double tiers of beds and open places in front for the fire. One night we inspected these dormitories after the boys had retired. So closely packed were they that when one turned all must turn. The bamboo beds seemed comfortable enough and the fire serves the double purpose of cooking food and making a smudge to keep off mosquitoes, a great boon in a mosquito-malaria infested country. These rather dilapidated looking buildings, within a few feet of the dwelling house of the missionary, are soon to be removed and new ones erected on the slope of the hill. The school boys will do the work. The commodious and substantial church and school house at Efulen Hill were built entirely by the school boys. The "dollar house," built of the wood of the umbrella tree, was also a part of their work, the total cost, \$1.00, being spent for nails. It was formerly thought that the wood of the umbrella tree was useless. The missionary, however, has proved that it can be used in building.

The school boys coming from their afternoon work armed with their various tools—cutlasses, hoes, native knives and machetes—made an impressive exhibit. The African does not love work but he must be made to do the thing he does not like because it is for his own good. One of the best lessons taught by the missionary, both by precept and example, is the value of work.

When the boys have done well during the term it is the custom to give them some little present. We were present at the close of the school session when two hundred boys lined up to receive their gift of dried fish. I never saw a happier lot of youngsters as each one went up to the store and obtained his portion. To some of us the odor of this fish, caught off

- the Norway coast and duly prepared for the African market, was sufficient, but the African, who has little or no meat, is a lover of fish. Some of the boys, like American boys at a Sunday-school festival when ice cream is being served, after having obtained their portion,



Two Ntum Women.



The Three Ntum School Girls—First to Come to Efulen.

stole around back of the building and endeavored to get into line again. The quick eye of the missionary, however, detected the culprits and they went away amid the jeers of their fellows. The boys from the same town or tribe pooled interests, put all the fish into one pot and had a glorious feast. Anything in the line of meat is eagerly eaten by the African. One day our carriers killed a large snake. The head of the snake was instantly cut off and the body borne in triumph to the camp. The entire carrier force was in good humor for the whole day.



The Dollar House—A Bargain.

The school boys also receive their pay at the close of the term. It took three missionaries one entire morning to settle all the accounts. The boys pay for their food in hours of work, a stipulated

sum for each hour. The food is purchased from the people who come from nearby towns on regular market days. An opportunity is afforded the boys to earn extra money with which they buy school books, cloth or anything kept in the mission store. If at the end of the term the boy still has something to his credit he can choose from the mission store any article whose cost does not exceed the amount due him. The sum is trifling, but it takes the lad much time to decide whether he will take home a new loin cloth, a fine red blanket, a cutlass, a small pocket-knife, a book or any one of the tempting articles shown in the mission store. The educational value of all this is too apparent to need comment.

The African boy seems very quiet and undemonstrative beside the American boy. He has not many forms of amusement. I watched three boys one day playing jack-stones. As far as I could see my young African friends played the game as it is played in America.

A favorite game is hurling the spear. A circle is formed in the sand. A boy places a ring on his finger and pushes his finger around the circle leaving the ring concealed in the sand. Then all hurl their spears. He who strikes the ring wins.

The boy begins burden bearing early in life. In all our journeyings through Africa we rarely saw children at play save the scholars in the mission schools. Nowhere in the world is the saying more applicable than in Africa: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He loves stories as does his elders. Here are two stories dear to the Bulu boy's heart:

THE TURTLE AND THE ANTELOPE.

The turtle and the antelope had an argument. Said the turtle: "Let us run a race." Said the antelope: "And why should I run a race with the turtle? Would the turtle run?"

Then the turtle went and set all the turtles along the path, with red marks on their faces—all the turtles alike. And they set the limit where the antelope should stop. Said the antelope: "Let us run." So the

antelope ran and ran and ran, until he reached the town of Nlô Môtô. Said he: "Where is the turtle?" Said the turtle: "I am here; you didn't run." The antelope ran again—ran and ran and ran, till he reached the town of Nyabitandi. Said he: "Where is the turtle?" Said the turtle: "I am here." So he bounded away until he reached the town of Asok. Said he: "Where is the turtle?" The turtle said: "You haven't done a thing—I am here." And he ran as far as Bilôbi. And he said: "Where is the turtle?" The turtle said: "I am here." Then he gave up; and he foamed at the mouth. He was tired of the race.

HIDE AND SEEK.

A ghost and a man were friends. Said the man: "Let's play hide and seek." So they did. The man hid first. He was hunted and found.



Boys of Efulen School.

The ghost went to hide. The man hunted and hunted, but did not see him. Said the ghost: "And do the man and the ghost play hide and seek?"

During our visit at Efulen, the pastor of the church was at home on furlough. The acting pastor was a layman. On Sunday he superintended the Sunday-school and preached. During the week he conducted the inquiry class of two hundred and fifty, led the prayer-meeting, presided over the session, was physician *in ordinaire* to all the missionaries in the station, house doctor to all the patients in the hospital and the dispensary, itinerator who in the year of our visit had traveled a thousand miles on foot seeking boys for the school and preaching the Gospel in many Bulu towns. He was superintendent of all building operations and one of the authors of the new Bulu handbook. I have heard statements that certain pastors in the homeland and even secretaries are over-worked. My visit to Africa suggested the *bare possibility* that some missionaries in Africa's debilitating climate can lay claim to a variety and extent of service quite equal to that of any overworked home pastor or jaded secretary.

The atmosphere at Efulen is distinctively spiritual. At a meeting of the Efulen session which I attended two cases of discipline were under consideration. I was impressed with the deep spirituality of the entire

proceeding. The cases of these two church members at Efulen were carefully and prayerfully considered. Discipline and severe discipline was imposed, but all in such a kindly spirit and with such evident tenderness of heart that one felt here was a band of men, native elder and Christian missionaries, dominated by the spirit of love.

Let it not be supposed that at any one of the stations is there more than a semblance of civilization. All is still crude and rough. On our way to Batanga nine wild hogs crossed our path. One morning we saw many freshly made elephant tracks, and this only a few miles from a station. A few days after reaching Batanga one of the missionaries shot an antelope within five hundred feet of the mission hospital. In the immediate neighborhood of the interior stations, especially where the government officials and traders are located, there is some manifestation of civilized life, but for the most part the interior is still an undeveloped country. The real uplift of the people for a large section in the Kamerun depends almost entirely on the labors of our small band of faithful missionaries.

"Help the negro to help himself" is the cry of philanthropist and educator in the United States. The policy of the West Africa Mission includes this and much more. No better evidence of the genuineness of the Gospel work in Africa can be asked than the rapid development of self-support in the older coast churches of the Mission and the evangelistic fervor manifested in all the newer interior stations. The cry "Africa for Africans" is a real cry. The evangelistic problems of the Dark Continent can only be solved by the African himself. But he cannot solve these problems alone. He needs our help. This is the white man's burden. The one abiding impression of "A Visit to the West Africa Mission" is the readiness of the people to receive the Gospel.



Christian Women—Efulen. Nana, a Charter Member, on Extreme Left.

finished Lakewood Oct 15th 1906 -

**Even in the Dwarf village they listened eagerly
to the words of the preacher.**



Idol from Grave of Chief, Congo.

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